

Sports Illustrated

JULY 3, 1978

ONE DOLLAR

THE WORLD CUP

Victorious Argentina's
Daniel Passarella



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Next Week

POOLING THEIR TALENTS Mission Viejo swimmers are doing laps at dawn's early light and at dusk, lunging for vitamins ripped their way by controversial Coach Mark Schubert. Jerry Krushbaum profiles the country's most successful swim club.

DON'T MESS with Shap Messing at the message the Oakland Stompers got when they asked their goalie to ride an elephant! The only U.S. soccer player to make \$100,000 posed nude for "Viva," but says, "I don't do circus acts." By J. D. Reed

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



GAMMON MUNCHES BETWEEN MATCHES

Four years ago Associate Editor Clive Gammon, then a special contributor to SI, covered the World Cup soccer matches in Munich for us. This year the Swansea-born Welshman is again reporting on the Cup (page 10), this time from Argentina, a vastly different venue.

For Gammon, one of the pleasant surprises of Cup matches in Argentina came midway through the tournament, on the morning that press credentials for the final game were allocated. Mindful of his experience in West Germany, he set aside at least three days for the bottle and arranged to have a Spanish-speaking helper at his side. Four years earlier, at Munich, he had been told, with ill-concealed scorn, that the U.S. was not a soccer nation and that there would be no room for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in the press box on the final day. It took 10 days of infighting to get the decision reversed. Thus he was flabbergasted in the Buenos Aires press center to be handed his credential for the final match within five minutes of requesting it, and by a smiling girl speaking perfect English.

Perhaps this reflects a growing awareness of the U.S. soccer boom,

but it is more likely a measure of what many of the 4,000 writers, photographers, TV and radio men assigned to the World Cup consider to be the superior organization—particularly in terms of flexibility—of Argentina '78 over West Germany '74, a small miracle when the appalling political and financial difficulties the Argentines face are considered.

This holiday from the troubles that have racked Argentina for more than four years may explain the explosion of joy, growing in intensity night by night, that made every city in Argentina a crazy abstraction of color, light and noise for the past three weeks. The whole population was out on the streets, and sleep became a neglected activity. The crowds were awe-inspiring, calling to mind a sort of mad combination of Mardi Gras and the French Revolution—the latter in point of patriotism only, because, almost miraculously, there was no violence. Gammon says, "On mature consideration, I believe the scene in Buenos Aires—indeed, in the whole country—after the defeat of Peru amounted to the greatest celebration of a victory in the history of sport. There are nine million people in greater Buenos Aires and *La Prensa* estimated that there were more than six million of them on the streets. I remember V-E and V-J days in London. In comparison, they were tea parties."

As a foreigner, however, Gammon had to take care. After the Peru game, he joined the millions of *porteños*, as the natives of Buenos Aires are called, in their outdoor celebration. Calle Florida was one huge conga line, and as he watched, bemused, a very large lady with rollers in her hair grabbed him and said a few words in Spanish. "She says, 'Dance, or you're a Brazilian.' " somebody interpreted. Gammon danced.

Arthur F. Sullivan

BOOKTALK

by SARAH FOLEGGI

MERION'S FORMER PRESIDENT WRITES A GRACEFUL HISTORY OF AN INSTITUTION

Writing a history of a club is a labor of love and so, usually, is reading one. But H. Richard Heidman's *Golf at Merion: 1896-1976* is different. Affection, humor and graceful, unadorned English have been applied to a club that has no equal in the history of American sport, by a related insurance man and past Merion president.

The Merion Golf Club in Ardmore, Pa. (separated from the Merion Cricket Club in 1942) has been in the thick of American golf since 1904 when it staged its first national championship, Miss Georgianne Bishop of Bridgeport, Conn. winning the 19th Women's Amateur in spite of mowing eight putts of two feet or less in her semifinal match.

Merion was the scene of Bobby Jones' debut, at the age of 14, in the national Amateur of 1916, and also of his farewell performance in 1930 when he closed out Gene Homans on the 11th hole of the East Course to win the Amateur and complete the Grand Slam. Merion is where Ben Hogan, handicapped from wrist to hip and unable to bend over to mark his ball, won the 1950 Open in a playoff, and where Lee Trevino whipped Jack Nicklaus in another playoff in 1971. It is also where Bobby Cruickshank, among the leaders of the third day of the 1934 Open, threw his club into the air in delight as he watched his second shot hit a rock in the creek in front of the 11th green and bounce up onto the putting surface—whereupon the club came down and hit him on the head.

All of that is in this little book, and a great deal more besides. The price is steep for a paperback (\$8, available only from the Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. 19003), but it is a reasonable one for a collector's item, and that is what *Golf at Merion* is. It contains, for instance, a selection of letters to Heidman from past champions, of which one of the most charming is Trevino's recollection of his 1971 victory: "I didn't beat Jack by myself. I had an ally—Merion. And I didn't beat Merion. I just compromised with her, like a wife, trying not to let her have her way too often."

Wound throughout the telling moments is Heidman's highly entertaining story, reconstructed from account books, minutes of meetings long gone by and the memories of older members and staff of how an institution such as Merion has survived two wars, the Depression, even Prohibition. God help it, all for the love of a captivating game.

If there is a message in *Golf at Merion*, it is that both have aged well.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

DOWN THE TUBE

The latest sports craze in California is tubing, or floating down a river in a truck-tire inner tube. It is proving to be a deadly game. Heavy snows in parts of the Sierra Nevada caused high spring runoffs, and in the last six weeks, according to a *Los Angeles Times* survey of 10 counties, 41 people have been reported missing and presumed drowned. Charles Williams, the Kern River water master, says 14 people have drowned on his river this far this year. Although the raging flow on the Kern has eased (it was 280% above normal), Williams expects tubing will be a continuing problem simply because so many people are now doing it. Moreover, he notes that there is no way to keep tubers off a river even when conditions are dangerous, because "the law of the land is that if a stream is navigable, it's open to the public."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Are most sports fans out of their minds? That's putting it strongly, but Dr. H. L. Newbold, a New York physician and author, believes that about 60% of the fans attending an event have what he terms "altered moods." Their moods, which can prompt them to start fights, shout abuse at the officials or throw litter on the floor, ice or field, have been altered not by the score but by tobacco smoke or foods containing substances to which the fans may be allergic or hypersensitive. These foods, Newbold claims, can affect the brain cells and cause fans to become agitated and aggressive.

According to Dr. Newbold, foods likely to cause trouble at sporting events include hot dogs, hot dog or hamburger rolls (or any food containing wheat products), beer, sodas and ice cream (or any other food containing sugar or milk products). A former ice-cream freak himself and a onetime member of the Northwestern medical school faculty, Newbold switched from internal medicine to psychiatry and eventually nutrition and allergy as he sought to identify agents that

might trigger depression, aggression or schizophrenia. To diagnose allergies, Newbold places various substances in solution under a patient's tongue. In difficult cases, he puts patients on a five-day fast, during which they consume only pure spring water, and then has them eat one food at a time.

Newbold, who advocates a diet of vegetables, fresh boiled beef and fruit, says his clinical experience has shown that diet also is often the cause of migraine, bursitis, asthma and tennis elbow. Tennis elbow? "Yes, tennis elbow," says Dr. Newbold. "You get tennis elbow from playing tennis, but tennis is the precipitating factor, not the cause. The most common cause is wheat and wheat products."

RETURN OF A NATIVE

Decimated decades ago by dams and pollution, Atlantic salmon continue to stage a comeback in New England rivers (SCORECARD, Aug. 29, 1977). The state of Maine, which spent \$1.2 million to construct fishways on the Penobscot, is experiencing record catches on that river and the Narraguagus. As of last week, anglers had caught 240 salmon on the Penobscot, approximately triple the number taken during the same period last year. Indeed, anglers caught 24 salmon in one day on the Penobscot, a record for any Maine river in this century.

Fish from the Penobscot have been used in efforts to create a salmon strain that will contend with the waters of Long Island Sound and home in on the Connecticut River. A program to restore the Atlantic salmon to the Connecticut began in 1966, and for years the results were disheartening with rarely a returning fish. But this year a total of 65 fish have been taken from the Connecticut system, 14 of them from below the dam in Holyoke, Mass. and 51 from the tributary Farmington River, which hasn't had a salmon run since the late 18th century.

The Berkshire (Mass.) National Fish

Hatchery has managed to keep 44 of the fish alive for breeding, and if half of them turn out to be females, which should happen on average, they will yield almost 200,000 eggs. As a rule of thumb, a third of the eggs should eventually develop into 2-year-old fish that can be released, and of those 60,000 fish, somewhere between 600 and 1,800 should return to the Connecticut as adults.

As Matt Connolly, director of Fish and Game for Massachusetts, says, "We're making tremendous progress. The importance of our recoveries is that we see the feasibility of creating a strain of Connecticut River salmon."



MOVING UP IN THE WORLD

How times change. Last April Mrs. Rene Muth Portland resigned as women's basketball coach at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia, where she had a 48-9 record in two seasons. Her salary at St. Joe's was \$2,393 a year.

Portland is now the women's basketball coach at the University of Colorado. Her salary is \$20,000 a year, and she has a car, a \$100,000 budget (which doesn't include her salary or that of her full-time assistant or her secretary), and the right to dole out five \$6,000 full-ride scholarships. "It got scary," she says. "I asked for outrageous things, and they gave them to me. They are paying the rent of a furnished townhouse in Denver while we wait for our new house to be finished. They have found my bus-

continued

bind a real-estate job and will be locating a baby-sitter for me during the time I am coaching. They will pay to move our furniture and give us football tickets. They don't nickel-and-dime you, that's for sure."

P.S. There were 19 applicants for Portland's old job at St. Joe's, 16 of them men.

NO SNOW JOB

Ski-resort operators, who used to go nuts trying to figure out ways to make money during the off-season, now make almost as much in the summer as they do in the winter, thanks to a German ride known as the Alpine Slide. Up to 4,600 feet long, the slide consists of prefabricated cement troughs shaped to accommodate an unusual one-man sled. When the brake handle is pulled back, two rubber strips slow or stop the sled, but when the handle is pushed forward, the sled rises and wheels take the place of Teflon runners for greater speed.

Several years ago Thaddeus Thorne, president of Attitash Mountain in New Hampshire, installed one of the first slides and has watched lift lines lengthen to such an extent that he is thinking of giving customers numbered tickets, as though they were in a bakery lineup. Last year he sold more than a quarter of a million rides at \$2.75 each for adults and \$2.25 for children. Eldest, Thorne has upped prices to \$3 and \$2.50 this year.

Stig Albertson of Bromley Mountain in Vermont holds the North American distribution rights for Alpine Slides, of which 29 are now in operation from coast to coast. A couple of months of fast business can do a lot to pay off the \$250,000 to \$600,000 cost, and a slide can be erected anywhere there is a mountain. As a matter of fact, Albertson is branching out into South America where he plans to build an Alpine Slide in Caracas.

BALLOT STUFFING

Bowie Kuhn may think it's a dandy idea to get the fans involved in the All-Star Game by letting them elect the starting lineup, but baseball should really go back to having the players do the voting. Take the balloting—or ballot stuffing—by fans for starting catcher in the National League. Johnny Bench, hitting .230 and out of the Reds' lineup with a bad back since May 27, leads with almost 674,000 votes. The Dodgers' Steve Yeager, hitting .204, is second. Ted Sim-

mons of the Cards, who is batting .308 and who should be in the lead, is a distant third with only 336,000 votes.

JOCK 'N' ROLL

In a music world filled with disco and punk, surely there's a place for Howie Newman, a singer-songwriter in Boston coffeehouses whose special brand of music might best be described as sports-folk. Among his songs are such soon-to-be standards as *Utility Infielder Blues*, *Traded*, *The Football Song* and *Astro-Turf*. He records on the Major League label, and his songs are published by Chin Music.

Newman's biggest hit—it sold 700 records—was *Blasted in the Bleachers*, in code to the inhabitants of Fenway's cheap seats ("I don't need no runs or hits/Just a six-pack of Schlitz"). Cole Porter he isn't, but Newman's heart is in the right place. Upset when the Mets sent Tug McGraw to the Phillies in 1974, Newman sat down and wrote his first sports song: "Traded, my uniform's hardly faded/Wish I could have made it/Stayin' right here/Clean out my closet/And get my security deposit/Go and drown my sorrows/In a mug of beer."

The plight of Bob Heise, who played in 32 games for the Red Sox in 1976, inspired Newman to write *Utility Infielder Blues*, subtitled "Play Me or Trade Me." He sent a copy of the song to Heise, who wrote back, "Thanks, it's great." Newman himself played in a fast-pitch softball league last year, appearing in only five of 18 games as a utility infielder.

SO LONG, SUCKER

It looked as if Mario Andretti was going to get blindsided again. Two weeks ago he was leading the Formula 1 world driving championships with 36 points, when along came two-time champion Niki Lauda to win the Swedish Grand Prix, his first victory of the year. Lauda, who climbed back into the race for the 1978 title with 25 points, drove one of two new Brabhams that looked unbeatable. The car was also, an angry Andretti charged, "illegal by every letter of the word."

Andretti and other critics claimed that the new Brabhams employ a "ground effect" design principle that improves handling by violating Formula 1 rules banning movable aerodynamic devices. They contended that the bodywork is designed to create a semisealed chamber beneath

the car and that a large fan that draws air through this chamber turns the Brabham into a giant suction cup. This made the car, dubbed the Sucker, somewhat slower on straightaways than other cars but faster on the turns because it is literally held to the track.

Brabham Team Manager Bernie Ecclestone argued that the fan was needed to cool the Brabham's 12-cylinder engine, but Andretti countered that the fan was about 12 times more powerful than necessary. Andretti's teammate Ronnie Peterson had another objection. "I was trailing a Brabham when the fan's blades started spraying stones at me. One of them went right through the radiator of my Lotus, so we had to change engines. Imagine what would happen if a stone of that size hit my face."

Although the Brabhams are new, the concept isn't. In 1972 Jim Hall introduced his Chaparral 2J, a "ground effect" machine, in the Sports Car Club of America's Can-Am series. Nicknamed the Vacuum Cleaner and driven by Jackie Stewart and Vic Elford, it was entered in four races. It won none, but twice had the fastest qualifying times. Then it was banned by the SCCA.

Last week in Paris the Commission Sportive Internationale, which governs Formula 1 racing, banned the Brabhams and any other cars with a vacuum-cleaner ventilator. Lauda's win in Sweden and the nine points he earned for it are not immediately affected by the decision, but they could be if objections raised by Andretti and others are upheld before a CSI appeals tribunal.

THEY SAID IT

• Steve Hunt of the NASL champion Cosmos. "People assume that my greatest thrill last year was winning the championship. They're wrong. It was meeting Mick Jagger."

• Guthrie Puckard, owner of the Denver Stars of major league rodeo, on the toughness of local bars: "I know a bar out on East Colfax that's so tough, if you don't have a gun when you go in, they give you one."

• Wayne Schwartz, 29, a St. Paul security guard, on filing a complaint with the Minnesota Human Rights Commission charging that the Family Nights and Senior Citizen Days held by the Twins are discriminatory: "It struck me that everyone was getting a discount except males between the ages of 17 and 64."

The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

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ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Playing with consuming passion before an ardent crowd, Argentina outlasted Holland to win its first World Cup 3-1 in overtime **by CLIVE GAMMON**

They won, in the end, through total, passionate commitment. Osvaldo Ardiles, midfielder for Argentina, had played his heart out for almost 40 minutes. Now, over to the left of the Dutch goal, he was brought down heavily by a defender. As he crunched onto the grass, he had the right to surrender, to shake himself, get to his feet and hope for a foul to be called. Instead, almost prone, he stabbed at the ball, and got enough of it to reach Leopoldo Luque cutting down the middle. Luque chipped it on to Ma-



rio Kempes. And the master striker, the golesdor of Argentina, hammered it to the left of Keeper Jan Jongbloed and into the Dutch goal. In the World Cup final of 1978, Argentina had taken the lead in the final game. The Argentinians would go on to win 3-1 in overtime. But just now they had scored first and River Plate Stadium exploded with banners of sky-blue and white, the colors of the flag of Argentina.

The wild roar reverberated crazily and lasted for minutes. The passion of the

players in blue and white was an echo of the crowd. It seemed impossible for that passion to be contained, even by the hardened veterans of the Dutch team. Johan Neeskens had said before the final that the crowd could have a huge effect on the game. Neeskens knows his crowds, having played in the '74 World Cup and in Spain.

As the Argentinian team ran onto the field before the start of the game, millions of fragments of torn paper, like a driving blizzard, blotted out the stands,

and there was a prolonged salutation, something between a howl and a roar. It was awesome, but the Dutch, who were playing in their second straight World Cup final, did not quail in the face of it.

And they were representing more than just Holland. Among the vast acres of blue and white in the stands, a solitary sign read EUROPA. This final was European soccer vs. South American soccer, a calculating, scientific style against an improvised, informal one. Never had a European team won the Cup continued

With orange-shirted Haan trying desperately to break up the play, Mario Kempes gets enough foot on the ball to launch Argentina's first goal. Then he snorts



in South America, only once had a Latin American team prevailed in Europe. At River Plate on Sunday, the Dutch fans were pitifully few. A careful search with binoculars picked out one brave band of 14 Dutchmen in the stands. "Every one of them will be needed," a Dutch journalist said seriously.

The two finalists each had a couple of early failures in the three-week-long tournament. Holland losing to Scotland 3-2 and Argentina being beaten by Italy 1-0. But it soon became clear that they were the most aggressive teams in the competition. The marvelous running and shooting of Argentina's Kempes, for example, and the way the Dutch had changed, after the early games, from a dour, unexciting side to one almost as adventurous and creative as the team that Johan Cruyff led in 1974, alone justified the presence of both teams at River Plate. "The two bravest sides have come through," said Argentine Coach Cesar Menotti.

The early action had been slow, but last Wednesday, on the final day of the second round, the Cup matches suddenly pulsed with life.

Rosario Airport, 7:30 p.m.: a cacophony of samba drums and blaring horns, a blaze of Brazilian flags. No way to reach the ticket counter, which is jammed by a hundred fans struggling to watch the small black-and-white TV set flickering behind it. Fifteen minutes into the game being played more than 600 miles away at Mendoza, it is Argentina 0, Peru 0. The Brazilians who are crowding the airport have just come from watching their own team thrash Poland 3-1. Now, unless Argentina can beat the Peruvians by four goals, Brazil is in the final. Five more minutes of Argentina's time wastes away. The samba drums throb in anticipated triumph. And then Kempes crashes the ball home: 1-0 now and 21 minutes out of the 90 spent. Both Luque and Oscar Ortiz hit the Peruvian goalposts. Then Flight 556 to Buenos Aires is called, and as the Brazilians file reluctantly to the gate, there comes another roar from the ticket counter. Fullback Alberto Tarantini has scored up to head one in from a corner. It is 2-0 with three minutes to the halftime break. The Argentinians are even with the clock.

The tormented Brazilians board their flight. Even before takeoff the captain has the radio commentary from Mendoza piped over the intercom. It is no act of

kindness though. Minutes into the second half, Kempes makes it 3-0, and a fourth goal, the crusher, comes four minutes later from Luque. It is the end of Brazil unless the Peruvians can come back. René Houseman and Luque put in two more goals. Argentina is in the final. On the ground at the Buenos Aires airport, the Brazilian fans slip away, silent. And in Buenos Aires, six million people flood the streets in delirium.

That 6-0 win, in the opinion of many, looked too good to be true. The Peruvians, who had played well enough in earlier games, lasted 20 minutes and then lay down and died. "I do not think they will ever hear their national anthem at the World Cup with pride again," said the Brazilian coach, Claudio Coutinho, bitterly. "The Peruvians should have been guests of honor at the postgame festivities," thundered the *Jornal do Brasil*. To make matters worse, the Peruvian goalie, Ramón Quiroga, had been born in Argentina. To explain his guiltlessness, he published an open letter the next day in a Buenos Aires newspaper. It was not his fault, he said; the whole team played their worst game of the tournament. "We just rolled over," he admitted.

Almost the only Brazilian to keep his dignity was Pelé. In his syndicated newspaper column, he wrote, "Come, come, gentlemen. We should not permit ourselves as Brazilians to sink so low as to put up these smoke screens. We are lucky to be in contention for third or fourth place."

Holland had qualified some hours before the destruction of Peru. Its second-round play had been fascinating, beginning with a 5-1 drubbing of Austria. Then, in a match between the 1974 finalists, there came a 2-2 tie with West Germany, which virtually put the defending champions out of the Cup.

This meant that Holland had only to tie Italy to make the final. At River Plate Stadium on Wednesday it seemed at first as if the ball-playing skills of the Italians—at times the most attractive team to watch of all the finalists—were going to deny Holland that. Paolo Rossi and Roberto Bettega were splitting the Dutch defense with ease. After 20 minutes, with Bettega coming through at him, Erny Brandts tried to slide the ball back to Goalkeeper Pieter Schrijvers. Instead Brandts collided with Schrijvers and the ball rolled into the net. Holland was a



goal down, Schrijvers was off on a stretcher and the oldest player in the World Cup, 37-year-old Jan Jongbloed, who played against West Germany in 1974, replaced Schrijvers in the goal. It looked like the finish for Holland.

But it was not, because of a tactical decision by Ernest Happel, an Austrian who is Holland's coach. In the first half he had kept the great Neeskens back on defense. In the second half, gambling everything on attack, he sent Neeskens forward. Now the Dutch, a little aimless and disorganized previously, came on like a storm on the dikes. Brandts canceled out his first-half error by slamming home a long-range shot to make the score 1-1. Then Arend Haan, the 29-year-old who had scored on a magnificent drive from 30 yards against the Germans, produced a similarly remarkable goal to sink the Italians 2-1.

As an hors d'oeuvre to the championship game, Brazil played Italy on Saturday for third place and won 2-1 in a graceless game notable only because it was almost certainly the last appearance of the storied Roberto Rivelino in the colors of his country. At the age of 32, he was in his third World Cup, his 120th



The River Plate Stadium explodes in a blizzard of turn-up paper as the national team is introduced

game for Brazil. It was also the end of Coutinho's association with the Brazilian team. His concept of "Europeanizing" Brazilian soccer had been a disaster.

Argentina had not Europeanized, however. Coach Menotti—thin-framed, elegant, an incessant smoker—had decided not to use the fine Argentinian players who performed for European clubs. Only Kempes, who plays for Valencia, in Spain, was brought home. For this Menotti endured the kind of lashing that only South American sports writers can hand out. And on Sunday came his test.

"The first 20 minutes"—that was the password among soccer pundits before the game. Swept on by the crowd, Argentina would throw everything into the attack from the outset and hope for the momentum that an early goal would bring. There was just one thing wrong with this theory. The attack lasted for almost all of the game's 120 minutes.

The only note came at the start. Just after the national anthems, Argentina's captain, Daniel Passarella, ran off to consult Menotti, leaving the referee gaping. Then the whole Dutch team walked off. It was nine minutes after kick-

off time before the teams exchanged ceremonial pennants. Reimer van der Kerkhof, a Dutch forward, was wearing a clip-on plastic cast on his forearm. Passarella seemed to be suggesting that the cast could be used as an offensive weapon. The cast was taken off, to be replaced by a soft bandage. Score one psyching point for Argentina.

But the Argentinian blitz did not materialize as early as expected. The first 20 minutes were fought mainly out in midfield. Argentina had Daniel Bertoni, Luque and Ortiz upfield, joined in raids by Kempes, but Rudy Krol was sweeping well for Holland. Bertoni, in a fine position to score, drove the ball straight at Jongbloed. At the other end a Rob Rensenbrink header was just wide; however, few other clear chances were created for either team.

A pattern was emerging. The Dutch were cool and professional, but without the intense physical commitment of the Argentinians. And when they did attack, there were signs of a breakdown in midfield as passes started to go astray. The Argentinians were flinging themselves at every ball, and in the closing minutes of the first half their attacks grew more in-

tense. Jongbloed had to punch out a header from Passarella, and then, in the 37th minute, came Kempes' goal, which Ardiles and Luque had helped to create.

In the early stages of the second half it was Argentina's turn to weather the storm. Neeskens moved right up into the attack. Haan sent in one of his blazing shots from outside the penalty area. Ubaldino Fillo, the Argentinian goalie, could only parry it. But there was no orange-shirted player there to hammer in the rebound. Argentina's thin blue line held. The Dutch began to look tired. The crowd had the scent of victory in its nostrils. The singing soared—"Vamos, Argentina."

But just when it looked all over for the Dutch, Alberto Tarantini missed a tackle on Van der Kerkhof, who centered the ball into the Argentinian goalmouth. Dirk Nanninga soared up and nodded in the goal that tied the score 1-1. The Dutch then surged again, and just at the end of the regulation 90 minutes, a shot by Willy van der Kerkhof, Reimer's twin brother, hit the crossbar atop the Argentinian goal.

A tie—30 minutes of overtime to play. Now it was that the full force of the River Plate made itself felt. The players were desperately leg-weary, and although the Dutch had run hard, it seemed the Argentinians had played themselves into the ground. As the first of the two 15-minute periods began, the fouling, which had been prevalent throughout the game, got worse. Three minutes into overtime Bertoni was hit by a Dutch player and rolled on the ground in genuine agony. No foul was called. The referee was losing control.

At this point some players were almost too tired to break into a run. But the singing and the roaring continued, and in almost the last second of the first overtime period, Kempes got in a shot that Jongbloed could only bat out. Two orange shirts converged on Kempes, but he got a foot on the ball—2-1. Argentina. Bedlam.

A quarter hour left and Holland was almost out on its feet. Then came the knockout punch. Kempes passed to Bertoni, who scored Argentina's third goal—little Bertoni, the winger who this spring came close to being dropped from the squad because he had let himself get too plump. But now that was forgotten, for with its first World Cup, all Argentina was singing.



LUIS TIAUT: 7-0



DENNIS ECKERSLEY: 7-2

SUDDENLY THEY'RE UP IN ARMS IN BOSTON

With four starters who have overcome the horrors of pitching in Fenway, the Red Sox have blasted ahead in the American League East **by LARRY KEITH**

"Where will I go when I die?" the rookie asked.

"That depends," the grizzled pitching coach said. "If you keep your fastball on the corners and don't hang your curve and stay ahead of the hitters, you'll go to heaven."

"What's heaven like?"

The coach smiled. "Heaven? Oh, heaven! It couldn't be better. It's 350 feet down the lines, 450 to center, and the wind is always blowing in. And they let the grass grow high in heaven. Ain't no AstroTurf there."

"But what if I don't make it to heaven?" the kid asked. "What happens then?"

"You can't let that happen, son. Because then you spend eternity at Fenway Park."

A pitcher can have a hellish time in Fenway mainly because of an occupational hazard in leftfield known as the Green Monster. Officially, the infamous Boston wall stands 315 feet from home, but an aerial survey three years ago confirmed what everyone had long suspected: it is

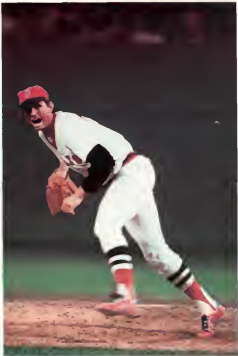
actually much closer to the plate, 11 feet closer, to be exact. This makes the wall an inviting and frequent target for pop-fly home runs and ricochet doubles. If green walls could talk, this one would tell of the unparished eyes and muttered oaths of pitchers trudging to the showers.

These days the Boston pitchers are making that painful walk much less frequently. The addition of some new arms and the revival of some old ones have suddenly given the Red Sox a staff their lusty hitters can be proud of. Unlike last year, when Boston needed eight or nine runs a game to keep the score close and the team in the race, the Red Sox have romped to a point of lopsided victories, the best record (50-21) in the majors and a commanding 8½-game lead in the American League East.

Last week this potent mix of pitching and power gave the Sox five victories in six tries against New York and Baltimore.



MIKE TORREZ: 11-3



BILL LEE: 8-3

their closest pursuers, and extended their recent hot streak to 24 wins in 30 games. Boston not only got its usual abundance of runs—6.7 per game—but also strong pitching from starters Dennis Eckersley, Bill Lee, Luis Tiant and Mike Torrez. Earl Weaver, whose Orioles had bounded into Fenway with an 18-2 streak of their own, was not quite ready to concede the championship but he did admit that the Sox would be extremely difficult to catch. "With this pitching staff they aren't going to have the long [seven- and nine-game] losing streaks they had last year," he said. "The odds are with them."

The gods seem to be with them, too. Boston's four-man starting rotation has a combined 33-8 record, and the team earned run average of 3.37 is fourth best in the league—seven places and 0.80 better than at the same point last year—and the best by a Red Sox staff at this point in the season since 1968. Carl Yastrzemski calls the current staff the finest

he has seen in his 18 seasons in Boston, and retired Third Baseman Rico Petrocelli says he can name three seasons, 1972, '74 and '77, when the Sox would have won "for sure" if they had enjoyed comparable pitching.

According to Catcher Carlton Fisk, the staff has improved because of a change in club philosophy. "The main interest here used to be in getting guys who could hit the ball over the Monster more times than the other team could," he says. "The pitchers just sort of took care of themselves."

Taking care of themselves both on and off the field has been an onerous task for Boston pitchers over the years. There are stories of Red Sox hurlers being stabbed at fish fries, wrecking their cars on the steps of police stations and threatening to jump out of windows. But the real trouble has come on the mound. Since Fenway opened in 1912, Boston has led the league in hitting 12 times, in home

runs eight times and in pitching once. That occurred 64 years ago, when the ball was dead and your great-grandmother wasn't. Only once since 1956 has Boston's pitching ranked in the top half of the league. No wonder the pitchers with the best and second-best winning percentages in Red Sox history are Smokey Joe Wood (1908-15) and Babe Ruth (1914-19).

Statistician Pete Palmer says that a team's earned run average is usually 10% lower at home than on the road, but at Fenway during the last five seasons the Sox' ERA has been 17% higher. Because of the short leftfield fence, southpaws have been hit harder, but Fenway has also been murder on righthanders. For example, Bob Feller's career ERA was 3.25, but at Fenway Park it was an unholy Hall of Fameish 5.46. When Baltimore's Jim Palmer lost 5-2 to the Red Sox last Friday night, to end a seven-game personal winning streak in which he had al-

continued

lowed only three earned runs, the outcome was in keeping with his previous Boston performances. A three-time Cy Young Award winner, Palmer has a career ERA of 2.65; at Fenway he is 3.80.

But earned run averages do not invariably soar in Boston. One of the rare exceptions to the rule is Tiant, who has proven himself an exception to a lot of pitching rules. Thirty-seven years old—according to the same record book that lists the leftfield wall at 315 feet—twice released by big league clubs, written off after last season and kept out of the rotation early this year because of an injured throwing hand, he is now chasing New York's Ron Gaudy (12-0) with an unbeaten record (7-0) of his own. Since coming to Boston in 1971, Tiant has used his Twist-O-Flex delivery to win 20 games three times and his ERA in Fenway (3.24) is lower than it is on the road (3.53).

"Some guys are afraid to pitch in Fenway Park," Tiant said before beating the Orioles 8-3 with a complete game last Saturday. "But I no afraid to face any hitter. I try to psych myself. You can't just go out and throw."

Although Tiant's record was 12-8 last year, he completed only three of his 32 starts. "Everybody think I no good no more," he says. "People give up on me. Sometimes people get to you no matter how strong you are. Now I feel good and make other people feel bad."

Another veteran showing new life is Lee, the only leftlander in the rotation and one of the few successful southpaws in Red Sox history. (Lefty Grove and Mel Parnell, of course, were very successful.) Shoulder soreness limited Lee to a 14-12 record the last two seasons and caused him to miss a start two weeks ago, but he returned to the rotation last week to beat Palmer. Tiant 5-2 win upped his record to 8-3, lowered his ERA to 2.74 and quieted the controversy that had erupted when he staged a one-day walkout after the Sox had sold his friend Bernie Carbo to Cleveland on June 15.

Tiant and Lee are the only holdover starters from 1977 because, as Manager Don Zimmerman tells it, "Last year we had to win too many games 12-10 and we lost too many 10-8. You can't expect a team to hit that way all the time and you can't win a pennant by having to play catch-up in every game."

As the Sox catcher, Fisk was particularly aware of the pitching short-

comings. "Going into each game I never knew what I was going to do," he says. "The starters didn't have good stuff, and I had to be a magician to get a good game out of them." The only consistent pitcher was reliever Bill Campbell, who led the staff with 13 victories and the league with 31 saves. "It's amazing that we lost by only 2½ games," Campbell says.

Seeking to improve their chances, the Red Sox cleared their clubhouse of Ferguson Jenkins, Reggie Cleveland and Rick Wise and turned to Gabe Paul for assistance in their rebuilding program. While president of the Yankees, Paul did not consider Torrez worth a farthing more than \$1.5 million for five years, so Torrez became a free agent and signed a seven-year, \$2.7 million deal with Boston. After leaving the Yankees in January to become president of Cleveland, Paul traded Eckersley and Catcher Fred Kendall to the Sox for two pitchers, a catcher, an infielder and a winning record to be named later. "I thought Torrez was a good pitcher, not a great one," Paul explains. "Boston obviously felt he was worth more than I did. As for Eckersley, I wouldn't have made the deal if the Indians were a contender. We needed a lot of help for the future."

Considering the multitude of pitching woes the Yankees have suffered this year and Torrez' 11-3 record, New York would have been far better off keeping him. Indeed, several Yankee pitchers besought owner George Steinbrenner not to let their World Series hero get away, but Steinbrenner was saving his biggest bucks for reliever Rich Gossage. And so Boston became Torrez' fifth team in five years, much to the satisfaction of the Red Sox. "I remember thinking during the World Series that there was no way New York could possibly let Torrez go," says Fisk. "When we got him, it showed we were serious about wanting to be the American League champion instead of just being a good team."

The significance of the move is not lost on Torrez, either. Thirty-one years old and the winner of 68 regular-season and two World Series games in the last four years, he says, "I'm aware that I can be the difference between New York winning and Boston winning. Last year I thought the Red Sox were a better team than the Yankees, but we had the pitching and they didn't. So far this season it's been the other way around."

Torrez did not have much luck against his old team last week, pitching three no-hit innings before being bombed for seven runs in the fourth. Nevertheless, after coming back to beat the Orioles 4-1 on Sunday, his notoriously slow starter was enjoying easily the best first half of his career. "When I go out to pitch, I know that if I can only keep us close something will happen," he says. "It always does."

Boston pitchers feel that way because the hitters provide them with a huge security blanket. Led by Jim Rice, the Red Sox are atop the league in average, runs, home runs, hits, total bases, walks and slugging percentage and rank second in doubles and triples. With his 95 hits, 53 runs, 22 homers, 65 RBIs, a .633 slugging percentage, 186 total bases and eight triples, Rice leads the American League in every major hitting category except average—he is third at .321—and doubles. Fisk is ahead in that department with 22 and has a chance to become the first catcher ever to lead the league in two-buggers.

And now that Rick Burleson has broken an early-season slump with a .361 average over the Red Sox' 18 most recent games, there is not an easy out in the Boston lineup, right down to that most unusual No. 9 batter, Third Baseman Butch Hobson, who had 30 home runs and 112 RBIs last year and raked the Yankees and Orioles for three homers and nine RBIs last week.

The pitchers have also benefited from a defense that ranks second in the league in fielding percentage—and seems to be getting better. Last week, on pop fouls, Fisk and Hobson made diving grabs that Zimmer said equalled the best he had ever seen, and Rightfielder Dwight Evans used his cannon arm to cut off one Yankee rally with a bull's-eye throw to third and halted another by catching a line drive while skidding on his knees.

Nobody appreciates this all-round good play more than the 23-year-old Eckersley, who averaged 13 wins and 180 strikeouts in his three seasons with Cleveland. This year he is already 7-2 with a 3.19 ERA, even though he did not get his first victory until his sixth start. "Coming to Boston is the best thing that ever happened to me," he says. "When you're 25 games out of first place, you've got to strike out 100 batters for anybody to say 'big deal.' That's the problem with pitching on a lousy team. In Cleveland I

was afraid to give up as many as two runs. I would tell people that I could win 15, 20 games, but I knew that was a lot of bull. Here I could pitch mediocre and still win 15."

Eckersley was anything but mediocre last week when he defeated the Yankees for the first time after seven career starts against them. In winning 9-2, he showed off a new pitching style that included fewer fastballs, more changes of speed and a greater variety of pitches. "Eckersley has adapted himself to Fenway very well," says New York's Graig Nettles. "Instead of letting his fastball get up, he is keeping his sliders down low. If he continues to do that, he's going to be awfully tough to beat."

One reason Eckersley has not been using his old fastball as often is because it has not been there to use. "I don't know where it went," he says, "but now I'm not sure I want it back. I'm pitching better without it." In the process, says Pitching Coach Al Jackson, Eckersley is "learning how to pitch. Trying to throw fastball after fastball is like banging your head up against a wall. Pretty soon that wall is gonna hurt you. By changing

speeds, Eckersley has kept the hitters off balance."

When the Sox have needed a fifth starter they have called on Jim Wright, a 27-year-old rookie who, says Jackson, "pitched so well in spring training we had to find a place for him." Three seasons ago Wright was 1-10 with Pawtucket and two years ago he was 6-12 with Rhode Island. Last season at Pawtucket he finally had a winning record, and he has pitched shutouts in two of his five starts this year.

Starting performances like these have made the Sox bullpen, which used to be the busiest place in Boston outside of Filene's basement, as tranquil as Widener Memorial Library. Complete games are up 28%, and a reliever has been needed before the sixth inning only six times. That is quite a change from last season when Campbell got so much work he developed arm trouble that still bothers him. While Campbell recuperates, the Sox have gotten most of their bullpen help from free-agent draftees Tom Burgmeier and Dick Drago and second-year man Bob Stanley, who is 5-1.

It is another indication of the start-

ers' effectiveness that the bullpen three have only 12 saves among them, but they, too, seem no longer daunted by the perils of Fenway. After the Yankees knocked out Tiant with four runs in the fourth inning last week, Burgmeier, a lefty who formerly pitched for Minnesota, came on to allow only four hits until he was removed with one out in the ninth. By then Boston was ahead 10-4, and some of the Yankee players were wondering why Manager Billy Martin had not gone to a righthanded line-up to attack the Monster.

Unlike Martin, whose job security shrinks as the Boston lead grows, Zimmer is feeling swell. "I don't know how a man could sit here and be any happier than I am right now," he says. "We've got a good lead, and I don't think we'll have any tailspins like we did last year. Not with this pitching staff. What is it they say about pitching—it's 75% of the game, it's 90% of the game? All I know is it's meant a lot to us."

Those are rare words coming from the mouth of a Boston manager. But rarer still has been the heavenly performance of the Red Sox pitchers.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN IACONO



In a play typical of the Red Sox' defense, which ranks second in the league: Third Baseman Hobson makes a flying off balance toss after holding a trickler



DEEP IN HOT WATER IN STILLWATER

Already on NCAA probation for football recruiting violations, Oklahoma State now must answer accusations that many Cowboy players have been getting paid out of a slush fund provided by a booster club **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

The disclosure of a secret Oklahoma State University booster club—which collected several hundred thousand dollars over the last 18 months for the illegal purpose of paying OSU football players—has once again raised questions about the frenzied atmosphere in which football exists in that state. Ironically, the man who blew the whistle on the payoffs is a Tulsa businessman named Jim Treat, who is an OSU alumnus and who, even after his sensational revelations, remains an ardent supporter of the Cowboys' football program.

At first, Treat's accusations brought quick denials from the school officials, but, as verifying evidence piled up, University President Lawrence L. Rogers, Athletic Director Floyd Gass, who was forced to resign last month, and Football Coach Jim Stanley all have refused to make any further statements.

That OSU, which is situated in Stillwater, should be at the center of yet another football scandal is no great surprise. The school, whose football team has fanatical adherents even though it has had only 15 winning seasons since 1940, for years has had a bad reputation in the Big Eight regarding the recruiting and favored treatment of football players. In 1975, the conference gave credence to those suspicions by putting OSU on two-year probation for recruiting violations. Earlier this year, the NCAA, after an 18-month probe, one of its longest investigations ever, slapped on another two years of probation for the same type of violations. Among the penalties were the permanent banning of 13 boosters, including Treat, from all recruiting activities. With this latest disclosure, both the Big Eight and the NCAA are investigating anew and their patience is wearing thin.

"I don't believe we're going to get out of jail in my lifetime," said one gloomy Cowboy booster last week.

Oklahomans, who have become inured to the University of Oklahoma periodically getting itself in a mess (it has been on NCAA probation three times in the past 22 years), seem not so much shocked that the OSU players were being paid as that the payoffs were so botched up. Treat, 41, and president of a new chain of convenience stores called Circle-7 Food Stores, certainly agrees. In fact, he said upon meeting a reporter for the first time, "You are looking at Outlaw No. 1 in college football."

There is evidence to support Treat's claim, because he himself had routinely broken and flouted NCAA regulations. His justification is that he doesn't think the rules are proper. Treat is especially at odds with one particular rule that pro-

Jim Treat, a businessman banned by the NCAA from recruiting for OSU, revealed the payoffs

hibits players on scholarship from earning money in excess of commonly accepted educational expenses during school terms. "The only way some of these athletes can survive is if people like me give 'em money," Treat says, "which I will continue to do. The NCAA has no power over me, only its member institutions, and Jim Treat's going to do what he damn well pleases."

Many observers think Treat squealed on his alma mater in a fit of pique over the then imminent, and now consummated, forced resignation of his friend Gass. Treat denies this, insisting he disclosed the existence of the 150-to-200-member North Central Oklahoma Business Development Association, Inc. (called NCO by its members), for three main reasons:

- He thinks it outrageous that the coaches, as has been alleged, would allow themselves to get involved in payoff schemes, because team discussion is inevitable when one player learns he is not getting as much as another player. Treat feels alumni should handle the payoffs, because then the player can't blame the coach if he feels he's not getting his share.

- Boger gave Treat short shrift in April when he went to Stillwater to complain about the NCO. According to Treat, "I expressed my concern that the club was contributing to the deteriorating situation in the academic phase of the program (by creating dissension) and thus to the astronomical attrition rate on our team." Treat says he told Boger that if school officials did not clean things up within 30 days, Treat was going to report the existence of the NCO to the Big Eight. Treat subsequently sent a charter member of the club to fill Boger in on the details of the problem as Treat saw it. In his only statement after the scandal broke in the newspapers, Boger said that nobody presented him with "specifics." Counters Treat, "That's just an excuse and a poor one at that. Boger was knowledgeable, the regents were knowledgeable and Stanley was totally conversant since, after all, the club had ruined our football program."

- Finally, Treat was dismayed with the quality of play and the low squad count at the OSU spring game. The Cowboys are entitled to have 84 players on scholarship; they only have 66, and one third of them are incoming freshmen.

Oddly, Treat says he wasn't a member of the NCO because he was trying to protect it. "When it was formed 18 months or so ago, my name would have started it off with a black mark." Even without the infamous Treat, the NCO generated a lot of cash. One alumnus says that the group raised approximately \$10,000 a month, to be "slushed around."

Cowboy players are now starting to come forth, anonymously so far, to confirm Treat's accusations. Last week one revealed, "I didn't get any of the money. It all went to the black guys." (One reason is that black players were the poorest; another is that such an inducement is often needed to recruit quality blacks.) Black athletes generally confirm that statement. No one can prove who got how much from whom, but payments are believed to have ranged from \$50 to \$100 a month to many players last season. Most sources don't think Heisman Trophy candidate Terry Miller, the NCAA's second leading rusher in 1977, who was drafted by Buffalo, got NCO money.

When Treat dropped his bombshell, Stanley said, "There is no North Central Oklahoma Business Development Association. That's ridiculous." Yet, it has now been documented that not only

did the club exist but that Stanley also spoke to a cocktail party gathering of the NCO at the Stillwater Country Club last fall. According to Dean Stewart, a member of the NCO who was present, Stanley "walked in and everybody cheered. Then he told us how necessary an organization like ours was to further the football program."

Further contradicting Stanley's statement is a letter he sent on Aug. 17, 1977 to an OSU booster who belonged to the NCO. The recipient was J. W. (Rocky) Lewis, a Tulsa real estate executive. The letter thanks Lewis for "giving Charlie Alexander your time and consideration." The NCO was run—and contrary to reports that the club is now defunct, still is run—by Charlie Alexander, a former pilot for a flight service maintained by OSU.

But was the money collected by the NCO getting to the players, for sure? "Damn right," says Treat. "But remember that all the other big schools are doing it too."

Does that make it proper for OSU to do it?

"Damn right."

College football slush funds are old helmet, mostly because so far nobody has

continued

Coach Jim Stanley has denied that the club existed, but in a letter to Rocky Lewis, a dis-

paying member of the boosters, he thanked him for his courtesy to the group's leader





Lewis knew his money was going to the players

devised a system that can control coaches or alumni who want to win at all costs. But this case is a blockbuster because of the brazen attitudes and statements of the participants, and because of its scope. Among recent disclosures:

Gass resigned, not because of the slush fund but, apparently, because he was the victim of a power play by Stanley to become athletic director. Boger was so anxious to make it appear that Gass was leaving of his own accord that he wrote the "resignation" speech. No wonder Gass said later, "It's difficult to explain a lot of times why you just walk away from a job." Gass now refuses to say anything.

Stanley's designs on the athletic-director job sank in the wake of Treat's dis-

closure. Now the coach is teetering himself and the speculation is not whether he will be fired (to most people, pro and anti Stanley, that's a foregone conclusion) but when the ax will fall. Stanley, too, refuses to comment.

Alexander is under heavy fire by nearly everyone, largely because of the cavalier way he handled the slush fund. Last season he was routinely on the sidelines with the players during games and even NCO members thought that was too brassy. Alexander also refuses to talk.

A Big Eight investigator has already been to Stillwater and his NCAA counterpart is on the way. "They're both going to dig into us," laments Gip Duggan, an NCO contributor. "There is no way they're not going to find something. Let's face it. We got caught with our hand in the cookie jar and I'm not going to sit here and lie to you and say the money was spent on flowers for homecoming. We're going to be in the cellar for at least six or eight years."

OSU officials privately confess to enormous dismay. Few of them doubt that the players were paid but, even so, a whispering campaign is under way to discredit some of the athletes suspected of talking. For example, one OSU official says, "That player is so stupid he thinks manual labor is president of Mexico." A white player says, "We didn't like the payoffs because we weren't getting any. They were discriminating against us because we were white." Asked if he would have taken money, he pauses, then says, "Probably."

Admittedly, anonymous players are not the best witnesses. However, confirmation of their claims and charges comes from Dean Stewart, a car dealer in Broken Bow, 250 miles south of Stillwater. He never attended OSU but says, "I love that school so much." So when he was asked to join the NCO, he immediately signed up for the \$1,000-a-year program. Other plans were for \$600 and \$300 a year, although there was no difference in benefits—which consisted mostly of parties—no matter how much a member contributed. Later Stewart was asked to be on the NCO's board of directors. "I thought at the time that it was an honor," he says with heavy irony.

Stewart was in attendance when the directors met at the Stillwater Country Club before an early-season game last year. There, Stewart claims, Charlie Alexander told the group, "Stanley needs

more money." Then, according to Stewart, "Somebody else said, 'Hey, he can't just spend \$13,000 or \$15,000 a month. He needs to be put on a budget.'" The group subsequently fixed the amount at \$10,000. Next Stewart himself asked, "Where's the books? What's happening to our money?" Said Alexander, "Ain't no books." And Dean Stewart responded to the members, "Look, I trust Charlie but I just don't know if that's good business." At which time, Stewart says, "It got quiet. I mean real quiet. I knew right then I was in something that was not quite according to Hoyle." Stewart dropped out of the NCO.

Rocky Lewis was never confused over the destination of his contributions. When he was writing out a check for \$129.45 as an installment payment to the NCO last August, he asked Alexander where the funds were going. According to Lewis, "Alexander said, 'The money is going to be disbursed directly by Stanley to the players.' I felt that was the best way because who knows better what the players need than the coaches?"

Whether money was ever handed out by Stanley is not a certainty, but Bob Hartzell, sports editor of the *Tulsa Tribune*, talked with a former OSU player who said, "Each month a payday would be held in the office of one of the OSU coaches, complete with a payroll list and a tall stack of bills." The player said the amounts varied, depending "on how hard it was to recruit the player, how valuable the coaches considered the player to be on the team and how hard it was to keep the player happy in Stillwater."

Treat thinks he could keep players happy in Stillwater if he didn't have the NCAA to contend with. "I am a strong advocate of legal cheating," he says. "The problem with slush funds is you are not dealing with grown, mature men. These are 17- and 18-year-old kids. So what happens is the kids talk among themselves and compare notes. Then they say, 'What? I go to class and practice and bust my tail and I'm getting \$60 a month; you miss class, miss practice and get \$275?' That creates dissension."

So Treat favors the one-on-one approach. "I like to sit down with a player and say, 'Son, tell me about your situation. Tell me about your mama and daddy, your brothers and sisters. How much money can your family send? If the answer is none, then that young man and I are one-on-one and I'll take care

continued



Jim Stanley is accused of being a paymaster

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of the problem. The way it is, we are committing these student-athletes to four or five years of slavery. What do you think it would feel like to show up on campus in September with two pairs of jeans, two shirts, a pair of sneakers, a jacket, no money in your pocket and know there's no way you're going to have any money until June 15?"

The problem with the way Treat likes to do things, he admits, is that "It's against every rule in the NCAA book." Among the rule changes he thinks should be made is one that would allow each football player to get at least \$100 a month "walking-around" money that would be similar in concept if not in scale to the \$15-a-month "laundry allowance" that was permitted by the NCAA until two years ago.

Because of his nonconformism, Treat frequently has been in trouble with the NCAA. He refers to the NCAA infractions committee as "Gong Show members" and says of its investigatory procedures, "There's never been a survivor." In 1975, the Big Eight put Treat on probation for "hiding out" an OSU recruit to keep other schools from stealing him. In the NCAA investigation, it was charged that Treat attended a "signing party" in honor of a recruit having chosen OSU. The NCAA said Treat not only attended (true, says Treat) but also paid for the party (false, says Treat), and thus was in violation of the earlier probation that ordered him to have nothing to do with recruiting. Of the two penalties, Treat says, "I felt like the guy who walked out of the courthouse after serving time for murder, jumped in his car, ran a red light and got shot in the head by a rookie cop."

Treat is joined by others with less extreme views. Oddly, perhaps, the prevailing sentiment of those who gave money is not remorse but an attitude of, "Oops, we seem to have done it wrong. We'll just have to keep doing it until we get it right."

Rocky Lewis, for example, is as eager as ever to reach for his wallet because of his view of the alumni role. "If a player has got a financial problem, big or small, we're there to help," he says.

Why?

"To try and make our football team competitive. Also, the kids today have to have their character built."

By cheating?

"If they understand, it's O.K. See, this is not a way to beat the system but to make their life easier so they can devote

more time to studying, which is the most important thing."

But what about the illegality?

"Although illegal, if put in the proper perspective, they understand."

So paying players is not all bad?

"No. If the money helps them stay in school and get an education, fine. But to pay for their performance on the field? No, that would be wrong."

Gip Duggan, who once played for OSU, has a different code of morality. He thinks giving players money is O.K., but they should have to earn it. "It's not right that athletes get used to being given everything," he says. Duggan, for example, has apartments to rent. A two-bedroom costs \$160 in the summer, but he will let it free to two football players—in return for each one picking up trash for one hour a day. That comes to about \$2.63 an hour "but if I want to pay an athlete \$10 an hour, that's my business, too," says Duggan. The NCAA doesn't share that view, either.

Along this line, Treat suggests players be allowed, for example, to clean up the stadium after the game. Says Treat, "Figure \$3,000, which is about half what it actually costs. With 95 players on scholarship, it takes two hours and each player gets \$31.58. They'd love to do it and they wouldn't leave anything big enough to make your eye water."

Duggan also feels put upon by the NCAA. He says, "The NCAA is like a highway patrol. Everybody speeds, so you should catch the flagrant ones. I'd say we were going maybe 65 mph but Oklahoma is going 85 to 90 and Nebraska 110."

At the core of the scandal is deep frustration at OSU's lackluster record in a win-at-all-costs environment. The Cowboys have not gone to a major bowl since 1945, when they played in the Sugar against St. Mary's. Resentment builds as it stretches across decades. There's a bumper sticker on a file cabinet in what was the connecting office between Gass' and Stanley's OSU #1 IN OKLAHOMA. It's torn.

Treat remains unshaken in his belief that his revelations will help OSU in the long run. "I get nothing out of this but the satisfaction that the university will be better off," he says. "I am the most cold-hearted, logical son-of-a-bitch in the world." There should be something in that sentence that every college football fan in the country can agree with. **END**

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MSA/96

From Soquel, a quiet, fog-enshrouded village near the northern shore of California's Monterey Bay, a two-lane relic known as the Old San Jose Road snakes up into the Santa Cruz Mountains. Ten miles out of town three driveways branch off and disappear into towering redwoods: two head unremarkably uphill; the other, potholed, a little wider than a car, threads downward, clinging to the side of the hill, with a sheer drop of 200 feet on the right. In a clearing at the end of the trail is a narrow one-story wooden house. Here in this isolated cypress live two of the biggest mesomorphs of U.S. track and field—6' 1", 242-pound Al Feuerbach, the American shotput champion, and 6' 4", 253-pound Mac Wilkins, the American champion, world-record holder and 1976 Olympic gold medalist in the discus.

At a time when the superstars of sport seem mainly interested in finding the best way to invest their first million, Feuerbach and Wilkins are anachronisms. They seek little other than self-improvement. "The goal," says Feuerbach, "is to gain as many feet and inches as I can possibly squeeze out of my body. The main concern is how well I can do, not how I compare to the rest of the world." Says Wilkins, "My motivation is to throw the discus as far as I can, to come as close to my ultimate potential as possible."

When Feuerbach went house-hunting in October of 1976, he had two requirements: there had to be an open space to throw the shot and a garage or carport suitable for weight training. As for living accommodations, Feuerbach would

glance at the interior of a house only if it were convenient. "It was a matter of priorities," explains Wilkins, who asked to rent a bedroom even before the house was bought. "Some people need a sunken bathtub. Some need a landing area for a shot."

After they moved in, Feuerbach and Wilkins carpeted, paneled, wallpapered and reshingled, but not before completing the shotput area and the weight room. The shot circle is in front of the house, at the far end of the spot where the driveway enters the property. A porch provides a perfect vantage point to critique the owner's throws. The landing area, which is filled with dirt and gravel, lies 15 yards beyond the porch, in the shade of some madroña trees.

At the opposite end of the house, a concrete floor was laid and a carport enclosed to form the weight room, which has as its centerpiece a \$2,500 Schnell Trainer, a German weight machine. On one wall are two six-by-sixes running from floor to ceiling with pegs at various heights to hold the barbell used in bench presses and squats. The bar is bent from being loaded with as much as 700 pounds.

Feuerbach, who held the world record of 71' 7" from May 1973 to February 1976, knows there are whispers that he is over the hill. "It bothers me that people think that I've lost it and that I'm struggling," he says, while admitting that he has been able to top 70 feet only once in the past three years. "I knew why I was throwing the way I did. Now I feel almost like I used to before I was successful. I have something to prove."

Starting in November, after a month-long layoff from competition, Feuerbach had Wilkins film his throwing for eight straight weeks. The edited film is a revelation. At the start, Feuerbach throws just 57 feet, and the pain and effort as a result of the layoff are obvious. At the finish, he is obviously larger and throwing 68 feet with ease.

At the end of April, at the San Jose Invitational, Feuerbach threw 69' 1½", his best in competition since 1976. In practice he hit 70' 4". In early May he came within 10 pounds of his best weightlifts ever. Then, on May 17, he strained his back while working out. For weeks he had to exercise patience more than muscles. Still, his training had built his strength and technique to such a degree that on June 10 in Los Angeles, even with a cautious delivery—one with very little body movement—he won the national AAU title with a throw of 67' 1½".

Wilkins, who is 27, three years younger than Feuerbach, also seeks vindication, but his is more ideological than physical. No one argues when Big Mac says, "When I've got my throwing together, I'm competing against myself, because no one can beat me." But Wilkins has chosen to use his prowess as a platform to attack America's track and field Establishment. Specifically, he has criticized the AAU and the U.S. Olympic Committee for failing to recognize the importance of medical research into human performance and for not providing adequate coaching and support for postgraduate athletes.

"I hate to see human resources wasted," declares Wilkins. "The people who run our amateur organizations have an outdated view of what it takes to achieve maximum potential. They are very petty, jealous people trying to maintain the status quo, which means their power, but they are not interested in promoting efficient athletic achievement."

Outside the weight room is a concrete slab with a regulation 8' 2½" discus circle cast into it. Wilkins poured the circle this spring with the help of two local high school teachers. It lies at the base of a steep embankment covered with netting, and Mac practices his delivery by throw-

continued

SOME BABES IN THE WOODS

In their mountain greenery home, two crazy people together—shotputter Al Feuerbach and discus thrower Mac Wilkins—train amidst the scenery

by JOE MARSHALL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH GUARISON



Faurbach figures he's on the road to regaining the world record in the shot, and Wilkins has become a mountain man to top his world mark in the discus

ing the discus here. Inscribed in one corner of the concrete slab are the words THE AMERICAN WAY 10/5/78. "That's because we did this the American way," says Wilkins, a hint of sarcasm in his voice. "... my money, my ingenuity, my sweat." Says Feuerbach, "The USOC can't take any credit for it."

Adds Wilkins, "This house is a lifestyle. The woods, these hills, give us a sense of being apart, being isolated, being different—which is kind of the feeling we get from what we're doing in amateur sports. It's not so much what we've achieved but that we are doing what we think is right for ourselves rather than what others might consider proper."

The interior of the house is spartan. The main room, in essence, is a large eat-in kitchen with a redwood picnic table and benches. Wilkins calls it The Lodge. The top half of one of the walls is covered in barlip and decorated with mementos. There is a picture of President Ford hurling a discus under Feuerbach's watchful eye and another of a heavily bearded Wilkins throwing in Montreal. The two clocks in the room are permanently set at two minutes to seven. Parties in The Lodge start at 7:30 p.m. Two minutes to seven is the acceptable time to get a head start on the guests, whether there are going to be guests or not.

Next to The Lodge is the living room, which contains a couch, a coffee table, a TV and a stereo. The stereo is clearly

the most expensive item of furniture. The two bedrooms are located at opposite ends of the house. "We like to point that out," says Wilkins. Feuerbach's room is the nearer of the two. "Mac doesn't have a wife," says Feuerbach.

Not that Feuerbach's wife Gudrun, a Swede whom he married during the Oktoberfest in Munich last year, is omnipresent... or even anywhere to be seen most of the time. She is a stewardess for Scanair, a charter airline, and lives in Stockholm. Nevertheless, the Feuerbachs have managed to spend more days together than apart. It hasn't been easy.

Take March, for instance, a more or less typical month. It started with Gudrun spending eight days in Sri Lanka, two in Athens and a night in Stockholm before flying 20 hours to San Francisco. The Feuerbachs spent one night there, then drove to Squaw Valley, where Gudrun, an avid skier, helped Al get through his first beginners' class. After two days skiing, followed by a night in the house in the Santa Cruz Mountains, the Feuerbachs flew to Stockholm for a six-hour catnap before moving on to West Germany. In Munich, two hours after their plane touched down, Al won the heavyweight class of the Greater Bavarian Weightlifting Championships—Feuerbach is no slouch at competitive weightlifting: in 1974 he was the national AAU heavyweight champion.

The next day, a Sunday, the Feuer-

bachs took a train to Milan to watch the European indoor track championships. Two nights later, Al put the shot for the U.S. in a meet against a European team and won. On Thursday the Feuerbachs left for the Swiss Alps, spending one night in Lugano before arriving in Arosa in time for the World Cup ski races. Saturday night they were back near Munich, in the small town of Fürstfeldbruck, which Wilkins calls "first and second base." They spent the following day in Munich before returning to Stockholm. After four days there, Al flew back to the States. "An uneventful trip," he told Wilkins. "Nothing really to report."

The Feuerbachs lead such separate lives that Al refers to the house in the Santa Cruz Mountains as "my house." Wilkins, though only a boarder, will occasionally refer to the retreat as "our house." In fact, when he is describing the Feuerbach wedding, which he attended, Wilkins says "we" as if he, too, were somehow included in the union.

Wilkins has a deep respect for Gudrun, but both are strong-willed and they occasionally clash. "Gudrun and Mac both claim their territory and defend it," says Al, with a smile. "At breakfast one will say, 'That's my toast,' and the other will say, 'No, it's mine.' I can't see hassling. If they claim my toast, I just say, 'O.K., it's yours,' and go make another piece."

Therein lies the principal difference between Feuerbach and Wilkins, and it is reflected in their countenances. Feuerbach's is open and warm, inviting friendship. A totally pacific soul, he smiles constantly. When he isn't studying Swedish so he can talk with his mother-in-law, Feuerbach spends his free time practicing on his guitar. The first medal he ever won in school was for clarinet playing, not shotputting.

Wilkins' visage, with drooping mustache and intense green eyes, can be menacing. Most of the time he is friendly and soft-spoken, but he is a volatile, involved person. His concern for wasted resources extends to the environment. Asked to address the Oregon legislature, he spoke not a word about track and field but instead thanked his home state for leading the nation in passing conservation laws. The sight of a big car, a "gas hog," infuriates him. Wilkins elects to transport his massive frame in a Volkswagen.

"There are sort of two different Ahs," says Wilkins. "Superficially, he seems

His boarder has the reputation for sounding off, but the lyrics Feuerbach writes can be just as telling



very easygoing, mild and passive. But some things are very important to him, like his wife and throwing. If something is not that important, he just doesn't waste his time with an opinion or an emotion. Actually he's more intense than he appears, and I'm more mellow than I appear. The difference lies in the way we express our feelings," Feuerbach agrees. "When Mac gets upset about something, he'll yell about it," he says. "I'll write a song about it."

Wilkins and Feuerbach have been friends since 1973. "I was on top when I first met Mac," Feuerbach recalls. "I was the world-record holder. He was just a good college discus thrower." Feuerbach had risen to prominence quickly. In December of 1969 he was a senior at Emporia (Kansas) State Teachers College, with a best put of 58' 9½". Two years later he set an indoor world record of 68' 11". He broke that mark in 1972 and again early in 1973, eventually raising the standard to 69' 5¼". On the fifth of May that year he set the outdoor world record, which stood for three years, until Terry Albritton pushed it to 71' 8½". The current mark is 72' 2½" held by Alexander Baranikov of the U.S.S.R.

In 1973 Wilkins was just beginning to make a name for himself. That was the year he graduated from the University of Oregon, where he was known as Multiple Mac because he threw the discus, the shot, the hammer and the javelin. A week after winning the NCAA discus title and finishing third in the shot, he also took the AAU discus crown. Curiously, considering their temperaments, Wilkins' development was much slower than Feuerbach's. In 1974 Mac went to graduate school at Oregon to study secondary education, and finished second in the discus at the AAU's. The next year he was runner-up again, after spending a year coaching at South Eugene (Ore.) High School.

That summer Wilkins traveled to Europe to compete. He thought he had a lot of meets with guaranteed expense money lined up, but when he came in fifth in his first meet, at Helsinki, he suddenly was short of invitations. Wilkins was taken in by Markku Tuokku, a Finnish discus thrower with whom he trained for three weeks. At the end of that stay he went to Sweden and won in two consecutive meets. Again, one of the other discus throwers, this time Ricky Bruch of Sweden, a former world-record hold-

er, invited Wilkins to train at his home. Feuerbach was already there as a guest.

Bruch had a house with a training room and a swimming pool, and Wilkins made rapid progress. "Bruch also helped get me into a lot of competitions, which were very beneficial," says Wilkins. "More important, he and his surroundings were inspiring. They provided me with a different attitude—more motivated, more positive. I had had my share of self-doubts." Before the summer was over, Wilkins had thrown a lifetime-best 219' 1".

Wilkins says he never thought of an Olympic gold medal until April 24, 1976, when he set a world record of 226' 11" at the Mount SAC Relays in Walnut, Calif. One week later, in one of the most impressive performances in track and field history, he broke his new world record three straight times in San Jose. His first three throws were 229 feet, 230' 5" and 232' 6". The last still stands as the world record, although it is imperiled. Two months ago, again at San Jose, Wilkins uncoiled a heave of 231' 3" and equaled it at the end of May in Eugene.

For all his dominance in the discus, it was the Montreal Olympics that may have forever colored the public perception of Wilkins. With seven empty days to go before their events, Wilkins and Feuerbach refused to accompany the U.S. team from its training headquarters in Plattsburgh, N.Y., to the Olympic Village on schedule: Feuerbach's experience in Munich in 1972, where he came in fifth in the shot, had convinced him that Olympic Villages are a poor place to live when training. Team officials ordered the two AWOL athletes to report to Montreal or face possible expulsion from the squad. Reluctantly, they checked in at Montreal. But because it was quickly apparent that the officials had no real power, or reason, to keep them there, they bailed out, heading for Three Rivers, Quebec, 88 miles away.

When Wilkins and Feuerbach reappeared in the Olympic Village, Feuerbach was hounded by journalists wanting to know why they had stayed away. He successfully avoided answering the question. However, when Wilkins won the gold medal with a throw of 221' 5"—Feuerbach came in fourth in the shot—he took advantage of his platform, denouncing the USOC, which, he said, had caused him more trouble than the competition itself. "I'm very embarrassed to

associate with officials like that," he declared. Asked if he was proud to have won a medal for the U.S., he said, "No, I'm proud that I won it for Mac Wilkins." Instead of recanting, he later added, "I would like to see East Germany win all the medals. Maybe that would shake up our people a bit."

This hardly endeared Wilkins to the USOC. President Philip O. Krumm called him a "grandstander and a pop-off," implying that his remarks were simply a trendy thing to say. "like hating your parents." Recalling those days with a wink, Feuerbach says, "I missed my chance. I could have said the same things Mac did and then I could have been the No. 1 jerk in America for a week or two."

For Wilkins, however, vindication wasn't long in coming. Early in 1977 the President's Commission on Olympic Sports issued a report that attacked America's amateur athletic organizations for many of the shortcomings that Wilkins long had pointed out. And later last year, Krumm's successor, Robert J. Kane, led the way toward remedying the situation, instituting many of the changes Wilkins had been recommending.

On a recent evening after a hard day of training, Wilkins and Feuerbach retired to the porch overlooking the shot-put landing area. Feuerbach hauled out his guitar and played one of his songs, *The Games*.

A game is something that one of more people play

But in the Games it seems the nations have the say.

They say, "Go, my patriotic son, and bring home that gold.

But if you fail you've failed the nation as a whole.

You see, it's obvious to all you didn't even try

Because you weren't on the victory stand and you didn't even cry.

But what's this you say about the satisfaction you feel?

And you trained very hard from the heart. Big deal.

You've failed our country, you've failed our God

And you failed our children who watched you fail so hard.

A winner, that's all we want to see. But most of all you failed ABC-TV."

The tune, peaceful and quiet, filled the mountain stillness. END



GAMBLING WITH RAMBLING

A block up from the spotlight in Rushsylvania, Ohio, the Rev. C. L. Harris, 85, is holding forth on a variety of subjects as he relaxes at home alongside his rolltop desk, the one he bought for \$5 in 1926 and which people have been trying to slicker him out of in recent years. He's talking about how he retired from the ministry 15 years ago "because I was tired of people calling me up to tell me somebody was dead." But retirement stopped neither death nor phone calls, so two weeks later, figuring he might as well get paid for dealing with grief, Harris took on another preaching job at nearby West Mansfield Church of Christ.

But most of all, he's talking of a miracle salve he makes and sells—four ounces for \$5—which its users swear by. Among the ingredients are red cedar oil, sassafras oil, linseed oil, beeswax and resin. Harris' disciples say it works wonders on poison ivy, arthritis, warts, corns, beeings, burns, ulcers, ingrown toenails, shortness of breath, bad breath, high blood pressure, impetigo and the heartbreak of psoriasis. "My children all knew it did them good," says Harris, "so why wouldn't it help horses?"

Which may be as good an explanation as any for the logic-defying smash success of Rambling Willie, a lazy, ugly and cheap 8-year-old gelding of bad breeding, ill health and nasty temperament. Fifty per cent of him is owned by Rev Harris' daughter, Vivian Farrington, of Mokena, Ill., who for years has made sure Willie's legs were rubbed with her father's salve. If the salve doesn't work, why do other stable hands keep stealing it from Willie's stall?

Any week now, barring catastrophe,

He was lazy, ugly, ill-bred and hadn't paced so good, but the Farringtons took a flyer on Rambling Willie—and he's won \$1.1 million

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Willie—he's the one over there wrapped in blankets and looking every inch the old man that he is—will get his legs iced and rubbed with the salve, then drag his battered body to the track, beat a bunch of horses, and surpass Albatross' career winnings of \$1,201,470. This will make creaky Willie the highest money-winning pacer in history. Having earned \$3,000 by finishing fifth at the Meadowlands the other night, Rambling Willie is only \$38,283 short of Albatross, who raced from 1970 through 1972 and is now at stud in Pennsylvania.

In fact, only four other harness horses, all of them trotters, have won more money. And if Willie doesn't suffer a crippling injury—he has a bowed tendon in his right fore that could snap at any step—he might surpass two of those: Fresh Yankee, who became a broodmare in 1972 after winning a career \$1,294,252, and Savoir, who is still racing but struggling now, with career earnings of \$1,310,000. If Willie makes it that far, he will become the richest North American harness horse of either gait. Seemingly beyond his reach are the career

earnings of two French horses: the \$1,960,945 won by Bellino II, who is retired, and the \$1,660,627 won by the deceased Une De Mal.

"There's not a thing wrong with Willie," says trainer-driver Bob Farrington, Vivian's husband, "except old age and too many miles." Indeed, he has started 147 races and finished first 65 times, winning more of those races in under two minutes (39) than any harness horse in history. He's insured for \$125,000 (the premium is \$4,375 a year) but the Farringtons know there's no replacing Willie. He was gelded as a youngster, owing to his woolf breeding and hostile behavior, which is why he keeps going to the track. Recently Australian interests made inquiries about buying him as a stud. They might have been disappointed in his performance. "Besides," says Farrington, "I'm in this business to get a nice horse. I have one. So why sell?"

Willie has become a folk hero, especially in Chicago. The other night at Sportsman's Park, horse owner Jay Stone said, "Rambling Willie isn't a horse. He's an ideal." Willie is one of those rare horses that exhibit so many human qualities—albeit many of them bad—that people identify with them. Willie seems to offer redeeming hope, not only at the \$2 show window where he has paid off like a government bond since 1975, but to just plain folks whose lives are filled with adversity. When Willie is on the track, it's almost as if he is giving a sermon to the masses:

"Never mind if you're ugly like me. Never mind if you ache in the morning and agonize at night. Never mind if life gets tedious and you get cranky. Just remember, when the starting gate in life swings open at the dawn of each new day, break fast, but the first turn with authority, ignore the bumping, be stubborn

continued

Willie owner Vivian Farrington and the Rev Harris with a jar of his salve—four ounces for \$5

down the backstretch, and as you turn for home, never mind if you have to swing wide, for if you give in your all, you will be first like me. And then you, too, will have the Earth and everything that is in it, my son."

If this sounds a bit evangelical, understand that Willie has that oldtime religion; his owner, Mrs. Farrington, gives 10% of her share of his winnings to her father's church—about \$58,000 since 1973 "He races better because I tithe," says Vivian.

Yet, sometimes it seems as if it isn't easy to do good in this world. Harris has a number of letters on Willie's contributions to the church stuck in the cubbyholes of the roltop in Rushsylvania—not all of them complimentary. A man from Oxford, Ala. wrote: "Could you accept money from a house of prostitution or money from a moonshine operation?" The criticism finally put the church on the defensive. In May, its 12-member board voted unanimously not to talk to outsiders about Willie's relationship with the church anymore and recommended that others among the membership of 120 also hold their tongues.

"Nobody wants to tell our side of this thing," complains church treasurer Francis Fogle.

What is your side?

"I have no comment whatsoever."

Another church official sniffs to a visitor, "You're here because you think Willie supports this entire church. That's not true." Correct. In 1976, the church budget, according to Harris, was about \$16,000; Willie only contributed \$14,787 of it. But in 1977, his best year on the track, he oversubscribed the budget with a contribution of \$19,896. All this has created a facility that is not the normal, hard-scrabble, if-we-just-had-\$50-to-fix-the-sink-kind of country church. Essentially, Willie put in a new foundation and added a new roof, financed most of the extensive remodeling, including pinning and carpeting, and paid for the new baptistry, the paved parking lot and the bill-board out front. Admits Harris, "I can't think of anything we need. We have gone the rounds." Because of Willie, the church now gives 15% of its revenue to missions, up from 10%. Indeed, the church was so flush it decided to hire an assistant minister, though Harris says that

neither of two candidates has worked out.

The chief reason for the parishioners' stand is their concern that a racehorse supporting a church somehow gains things. Too, some think it looks as if Willie is giving them a free ride, which, to a large extent, he is. But Harris says he knows of no Biblical prohibition against gambling, although, if asked, he would recommend against it. Harris did see Willie race once and says, "He's not my idea of a racehorse. Really, he should be more slender."

Other than that, C. L. Harris remains unconcerned. "There's someone on television who says, 'God'll petcha for that,'" he says. "Well, I don't believe God'll get us because of Willie."

Rev. Harris settles down on his front porch—after being interrupted by another phone call that he feared would be news of death, but wasn't—to try to further explain, yea, justify things. "I brought Vivian up to tithe," he says. "If she was scrubbing floors, she'd tithe. Besides, it's not really gambling money. Willie gets money whether anybody bets or not. It just so happens there is gambling. But for Willie, it's his salary that's being tithed. I don't know very many people who would turn this money down, do you? Frankly, if the Lord was that narrow, wouldn't any of us make it?"

Other churches have asked how to get into this horse business. Phillip Waring, senior minister of the First Church of Christ in Phoenix, wrote Harris, "Good news travels fast." And in Lexington, Ky., Wayne B. Smith, past president of the North American Christian Convention, is not distressed by Willie's collection-plate pace. "If a guy works at a printing press all day that produces Bibles but has a dirty mind, that certainly doesn't make his money any cleaner," he says.

Harris shakes his head. "All this is upsetting, and most of the trouble is from other churches. I just wish they'd run theirs and we'll run ours."

Willie is never, never, ever mentioned in the church and nobody admits to praying for him, for heaven's sake. Oh, Harris does confide that a member once came up to him and whispered, "I'm supposed to tell you Willie won last night." The walls didn't fall down. The suggestion by an outsider that the church have a picnic and bring Willie to West Mansfield (which is about 40 miles northwest of Columbus) drew furious stares. Two

blocks away at the Methodist church, Pastor Rozell Sattler says of his members, "I think some of them view that horse connection with disdain and others with jealousy."

For Vivian Farrington, there's no problem. "God says you should tithe and God doesn't lie," she says. Bob Farrington, a harness-driving star in the '60s who has sat behind horses that have won more than \$7.7 million in purses, doesn't know how to explain Willie's wondrous success. He says, "I guess it's probably the tithe. Vivian's beliefs, the salve—and a little of my know-how." True. For when all training of a harness horse is left to God, something must inspire the animal to do the right thing when the race starts. Like going in the right direction. Anyway, Bob has pointed out to Viv that he is certain the Lord had in mind titheing on the net, not the gross, but she wants to do it the high-priced way.

West Mansfield is 350 miles southeast of Chicago, so the Farringtons seldom visit the church. Steve Rosmarin, the Farringtons' accountant, who says he just "kind of gets an inspiration" as to when it's time to send off another check for a couple thousand dollars to the church, says, "Either Willie has an awful lot of hidden qualities or prayer does make a difference." Vivian, on the other hand, is more candid about precisely when a check should be sent to the church. "It would be terrible to give Dad a check that bounced," she says.

The Rambling Willie saga began in the summer of 1973 when a stable hand mentioned to Farrington that the colt was coming up for sale. (Farrington subsequently gave the young man a check for \$1,000 in gratitude.) Willie hardly was drawing a crowd of potential buyers. As a 2-year-old, he failed to win in four tries and earned only \$349; as a 3-year-old, he had won only \$562 before being sold. Recalls Farrington, "He looked like a nice horse."

Really, Bob?

"Well, no, not really. But he stood good."

Really, Bob?

"Well, it did look like there was room for improvement."

Why did you buy him?

"I needed a horse."

At last, a criterion that Willie met. A horse. Not much else. After all, Willie's mother, Meadow Belle, was a cripple who

continued

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part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle.**

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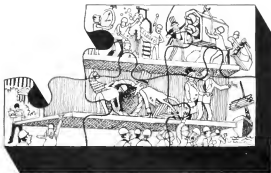
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failed as a saddle horse because of her rotten disposition and a tendency to teeter on the brink of falling over. Her breeder, Ray Gibson of Monroeville, Ind., bought her from his uncle for \$175. Belle's sire was undistinguished Meadow Gold, but at least he was out of a top broodmare, Maggie Counsel, by the celebrated Adios. Willie's father, Rambling Fury, offered little hope either, although his great-grandfather, Billy Direct, was a pacing star of the '30s. Gibson told Farrington, "If you want Willie, bring money, no checks." Explains Gibson, "Never trust horse people." Farrington hustled up the \$15,000 (in \$100 bills)—which was excessive by any measure, considering the merchandise involved—and muttered as he drove home with Willie, "I probably gave \$5,000 too much." Then he told Vivian, "I'll give him to you as a birthday present." It was her first and only horse.

Unable to locate a man with whom he had owned many horses to buy half of Willie, Farrington turned to Paul Seibert of Cincinnati, with whom he had also done business. Told the horse was Rambling Willie, Seibert immediately grumped, "He's a deadhead." But Seibert had recently hit on a \$60 double that gave him a couple thous., and he had run \$1,000 of that up to \$7,900 when a friend helped him with a wildly profitable purchase of pork-belly futures. With the money burning a hole, Seibert agreed to go along with the joke.

In his first venture into the harness-horse business 15 years earlier, Seibert had paid \$800 for a mare that had cost the seller just \$100. Shortly after Seibert got her, she died. Later on, a horse that had done no good for him was claimed and promptly got four straight wins for the new owners. Seibert, an advertising man, says, "That was a signal I should get out." Willie represented his return to the races, though Seibert insists, "I never thought I'd make money on him."

It looked at first as if Willie was giving signals that everybody should have stayed out on him. He got sick. "All I wanted was one winner's-circle picture," says Vivian, "and I didn't think I was going to get it." In October, he won. Now she has 65 such pictures. In 1974, Willie won almost \$100,000. Then he erupted in 1975 to earn \$264,405, and again in 1976 to make almost \$300,000. But near the end of the year, he bowed a tendon,

one of the most dreaded injuries in racing, and it looked as though that was the end. Vivian prayed hard while Seibert simply gloomed that there would be no tomorrow. And Willie got well. "It was a miracle," Vivian insists. He not only got well but also raced soon thereafter and won. Seibert looked over at her as Willie hit the finish on top. "You and your faith," he said. Says Vivian, "If you have enough faith, you can ask for anything and it is yours." After one victory, Seibert got so carried away that when somebody mentioned that the West Mansfield church needed a new sidewalk, he whipped out his checkbook right then and there and wrote a check for \$2,000 to cover it.

There are those who insist that Albatross was a greater horse than Willie because he won all his money in only three years of racing, while Willie is now in his seventh. The conner is that Albatross got all the big money offered to 2- and 3-year-olds while Willie got practically none of it and has had to chip away. His biggest payday came last summer at the Meadowlands when he won the Driscoll Series final and earned \$93,000.

Through the years, Willie has taken on all the best older horses and put them in the shade. In 1975, Young Quinn showed up in this country from Australia and was thought to be tops; Willie was better. In 1976, everyone pegged Nero; Willie was better. In 1977, the smart money was on Oh! Burner; Willie was better. This year, the experts keep thanking Governor Skipper or Whata Baron will rule, but don't count Willie out. For the last three years, Willie—who can race on the front end, battle it out in a crowd, or rush at the end—has been voted Aped Pacer of the Year. Never, however, has he been selected as Horse of the Year, which is just one more example of how we abuse old folks. In 1977, he was third in the balloting behind Green Speed and the Governor.

Willie doesn't tram much these days. And when he does, he hates it. Farrington says it's difficult to get him to go any faster than 2:15 in a workout, even if other horses are put on the track to give him competition. Actually, he hates other horses, too. A whip does little to persuade him and preface warnings bore him silly. He bites, kicks, complains

"He's just ornery," says Farrington. "He don't mean to hurt."

But when the starting gate swings open, Willie knows it's for real and his behavior suddenly turns exemplary. He has never broken stride in a race, has seldom thrown in a really poor performance. Not bad for a horse that didn't have the least idea there was a world beyond Chicago until 1975 when he was already five years old.

Through it all, Vivian Farrington prays, tithes, believes in psychics (but eschews fortune-tellers) and gives Willie honey and vinegar. She is convinced that Willie nods to her when he's going to win and she once admitted to being afraid of another horse before the race, Willie lost. "I think of him as a pet," she says, "not a champion." The Farringtons are building a new home, complete with a paddock out front, that overlooks the rolling Illinois countryside. When Willie's racing days are over, they will put him there—and stare at him. "He has taken care of us," says Bob, "and we'll take care of him. Some people are rich with \$10 and others aren't rich with \$2 million. Am I rich? Willie has made me comfortable." Says Vivian, "Willie lights up my life."

Last year Willie lit up a lot of lives. He won twice in 1:54½, excellent time and his best ever. Other horses tried to avoid going against him and races were hard to fill. When the year was done, he had finished first in 13 races (and been in the money in 28 of 30 starts) and won \$397,921—ninth most by a harness horse in one year. Joe McLoone, president of New Jersey's Freehold Raceway, says of Willie, "He has got to have help from above." Bob Farrington isn't sure, but says of his wife's faith, "She does believe and it don't hurt nothin'."

Still, time is inexorable and it seems Willie is waning. Farrington says he'll race him as long as Willie feels good enough and can make at least \$300,000 a year, of which expenses eat up \$100,000. "All I ever hope," says Farrington, "is that he can race next week." Seibert is more fatalistic. "I figure every race is his last," he says. And Vivian, predictably, thinks Rambling Willie will be racing until the end of time. Back at West Mansfield Church of Christ, Pastor Harris is cavalier. "There was a church here before Willie," he says, "and there will be one after him." **END**



He's in love with his glove

Though a .296 hitter, Garry Maddox of the Phillies prefers fielding to batting

In an era when players who bat .260 and can catch a lazy fly ball act as if they are all-world, it is, to say the least, rare to find an athlete with a career .296 batting average and three Gold Gloves who is humble, kind, unfadingly courteous, God-fearing and a lot of other good things. Philadelphia's Garry Maddox, who after six major league seasons has ever so quietly become the best centerfielder in baseball, is just such a man. The trouble is that hardly anyone knows it, because Maddox labors in the shadows of more famous Phillies—Greg Luzinska, Mike Schmidt, Steve Carlton, to name several—and never says a word about this misfortune.

Maddox, who was an infantryman in Vietnam, is a devout Bible reader, a devoted family man and a diligent charity worker. In the clubhouse he is unassuming and unobtrusive. On the field his wide-ranging style makes him as exciting as an outfielder can be. As a result, Maddox' teammates held two opinions of him, both of which were recently expressed in one sentence by Catcher Tim McCarver. "Garry is a beautiful person," he said, "and also the best centerfielder I've ever seen. If I didn't believe that, I'd hedge. Remember, I played with Curt Flood, too. He was the best at going back to the wall, but overall Garry is better." First Baseman Richie Hebner agrees, saying, "Not only do I think Garry's the best, but I've also had umpires tell me that he is, right in the middle of games."

Pitcher Jim Kaat, who says, "Only Paul Blair comes close to Garry," has a special reason for appreciating Maddox. Like all pitchers, Kaat hates having a good pitch blooped to the outfield for a hit. Because Maddox plays very shallow, Kaat does not have to worry about Texas leaguers falling in center. Maddox also has the speed to race back to the wall or to plug the leftfield and rightfield gaps. In one of Kaat's starts this season, Maddox chased down 10 fly balls, two short of the major league record.

Maddox' defensive ability tends to obscure the fact that when the 1978 season began he was the 11th-best career hitter in the National League—and the first in lifetime average among centerfielders. Twice he has finished third in the batting race, hitting .319 with San Francisco in 1973 and .330 with the Phillies in

1976. At the end of last week his .302 again put him on the list of the league's leading batters.

Maddox was also among the stolen-base leaders with 20 in 22 attempts, but he says he will not be up there all season. Despite his speed, he has averaged only 22 steals a season, preferring to save his legs for roaming far and wide in the outfield.

Having every faculty at peak readiness in the field is important to the 6' 3", 182-pound Maddox because he has studied the nuances of playing center the way Ted Williams analyzed the mysteries of hitting. "I do a better job of explaining how to catch the ball than how to hit it," he says. "I see the ball and I swing, that's it. I never know why I'm hitting bad or why I'm hitting good."

Perhaps a lack of analysis made it necessary for Maddox to learn the hard way that he could not be a power hitter in the majors. After slamming 30 homers for Fresno in 1971 and nine in 11 games for Phoenix in 1972, he moved up to San Francisco and hit only 12 the rest of the year. He also struck out a career-high 97 times and batted a career-low .266. Since then he has used a lighter bat, swung only to make contact and not worried where the ball went.

Last season, when the Phillies tried to make him their leadoff batter, Maddox was beset by quite different concerns. "It was my own fault," he says. "They told me not to do anything different, but I spent so much time thinking about what a leadoff man should be doing that for a while I couldn't hit anything." Maddox got only four hits in his first 40 trips to the plate and was batting .277 on June 26 when he was dropped back to sixth in the order to make room for newcomer Bake McBride. The rest of the way Maddox hit .307 and finished the year at .292, with career highs in homers (14) and runs (35).

To Maddox, batting is just something to do once every two or three innings. Playing centerfield is his full-time job. Before the start of every series he studies charts that show where opposing batters tend to hit the ball and discusses pitching strategy with Catcher Bob Boone. Knowing what plitches Boone plans to call and where batters are likely to hit them helps Maddox position him-

continued



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self and the other outfielders. "The hardest pitchers to play behind are the ones who mix their stuff up," he says. "Steve Carlton, for example, throws a hard slider and a slow curve, so I try to see the sign to get a better idea of where to play the hitter on each pitch."

Whether he is playing a batter to pull or to hit to the opposite field, Maddox is always closer to the infield than other centerfielders. In fact, Phillie Phanatic Larry Bowa calls him "a fifth infielder." "If you're playing deep you can never get to a ball hit in front of you," Maddox says, "but if you're 10 feet closer to the infield you can still get to the ball."

Maddox gets there not just because he is fast, but also because, like an infielder, he moves on every pitch as it is delivered. Once the ball is hit he runs on his toes instead of his heels. "So the ball doesn't seem to be dancing around."

Maddox toe-dances after every ball hit to the outfield, whether it is near him or not. He's a poacher, the kind of guy, says Phillie Manager Danny Ozark, "who would want to take every shot if he were playing basketball." "People have told me I'm going to wear myself out by being so aggressive," Maddox says, "but I like to go after every ball even if I can't make the play. If I think I can, I'll call for it, but the other outfielder can call me off if he wants to."

Smart positioning and quick reaction mean nothing if Maddox does not catch the ball once he reaches it. But that, he says, is the easy part. "Even on a ball hit to the fence, it's really not a difficult catch if I have time to get back and jump. The really tough ones are the balls you catch on the run or the sinking line drives."

Maddox also excels at fielding rollers and throwing. Before a game he will often take grounders at third so he can practice long overhand pegs. Comparing himself to Cincinnati's Cesar Geronimo, his closest rival for primacy among today's centerfielders, he says, "My arm is not as strong as his, but by playing in close and charging the ball I can prevent a runner from taking the extra base."

For all of his ability, he has never been on the National League All-Star team, because of the popularity of his more luminous teammates. When last week's interim returns for this year's team were announced, he was again not among the starting outfielders. This sort of neglect does not bother Maddox, who claims he

could quit baseball tomorrow if he had to and not suffer any psychological hangover. "The only thing that really matters to me in baseball is that I have the respect of my teammates," he says.

They respect him, all right. They think he's the best.

THE WEEK

(June 15-21)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST

It was 5 a.m. on Monday when Richie Hebner of Philadelphia finally fell into bed after a flight home from San Diego, where the Phillies had concluded a 1-6 road trip. After only three hours' sleep, Hebner's phone rang, making him feel as if he had been awakened from the dead. The caller was his father, a gravedigger in Norwood, Mass. "What's going on with you guys?" Hebner's dad inquired. "Haven't you got anything better to do?" replied Richie. "Sure, I've got three burials this morning," the elder Hebner said, "but I was wondering what was going on down there. Even the pallbearers are giving me a hard time about the Phillies." "What was going on was that second-place Philadelphia had scored only eight runs in its previous five games and had dug itself into a 2½-game hole behind the Cubs. Later on Monday, an open date for the Phillies, Hebner was on his way to pick up teammate Greg Luzinski for a round of golf when his car overheated and stalled on a busy highway. "There must have been 20 people behind me honking their horns," Hebner said. One disgruntled motorist yelled at him, "You Phillies can't do anything right these days."

Before the week was over, the Phillies (4-2) were running smoothly again and reclaimed first place. Having lost eight of nine previous games, they began a four-game winning streak when Steve Carlton beat St. Louis 2-1. Larry Bowa scored the decisive run with during base running in the fourth inning. Bowa was on second when Luzinski hit a grounder to the right of Cardinal shortstop Garry Templeton. Aware that Templeton was a poor fielder, Bowa said he had decided "if the ball's hit to his right, I'm going." Go he did, in violation of one of baseball's most revered base-running laws. Templeton fielded the ball, started to throw to third, changed his mind and pegged the ball past first base for his 21st error of the season, while Bowa scored.

The Phillies next swept a doubleheader from the Cubs, winning each game 6-1. Dick Ruthven won for the first time since being reacquired from the Braves on June 15. Philadelphia stole six bases in the twin bill, including one in each game by the lumbering Luzinski. Then they made it three in a row

over Chicago, Jim Kaat winning 6-2 as he singled home one run and scored another. He was backed by Mike Schmidt's 11th homer.

For Chicago (1-6), the fizzle in Philadelphia was only one of many woes. Rick Reuschel, who has an 8-4 record and leads the league's starters with a 2.07 ERA, was out with a strained elbow; Ken Holtzman was shelved in his two starts since returning to Chicago; leading hitter Bill Buckner was disabled with a pulled groin; and Steve Ontiveros, a .299 batter last season, was sidelined with a sore shoulder and a saddy .215 average. A three-run 10th, in which Larry Bittner drove in the go-ahead run and Manny Trillo doubled home a pair, zapped Pittsburgh 6-4.

Although he held a 2-0 lead over New York, Hal Dues of Montreal (3-3) was lifted for a pinch hitter in the seventh. Dues, a .154 batter, was not upset, saying, "I can't hit. Why don't they teach us to hit in the minors? They don't even teach us how to bunt." Mike Garman finished up the 2-0 two-hitter for Dues. One pitcher who knew how to hit was Steve Rogers (8-7, 2.25 ERA), who singled twice, drove in a run and trimmed the Mets 2-1 in a rain-curtailed, seven-inning game. Woodie Fryman, Darold Kauter and Garman combined for a 2-0 win in St. Louis during which Tony Perez slammed his fifth double of the year. For Perez, who has never had more than 33 two-baggers in a season, it was his 13th in 17 games and tied him with Ted Simmons of St. Louis for the major league lead with 23. Most of the rest of the Expos' right-handed hitters—there are usually seven in the lineup—but feebly, as the Expos, who did not face a left-handed pitcher, batted .228. Wayne Garrett and Del Unser, left-handed hitters obtained in a 1976 deal with the Mets, defeated their former team 2-0, with Garrett homering and Unser singling in the other run.

Another former Met, John Milner, carried the Pirates (3-3) to a 7-4 win in New York with a single, two doubles and a grand slam. Milner's big blast came in the 12th after Omar Moreno had broken a 2-2 tie with a single. Pittsburgh's undertracked Chicago 6-1 behind the pitching of Bert Blyleven and 2-1 in Frank Tanavara made John Cantelarista a winner with a two-out RBI single in the ninth. Last season's batting champ, Dave Parker, raised his average to .307 with a .391 week.

It took some doing, but the light-hitting Mets (2-5), who batted .216, scored two wins. A four-hitter by Nino Espinosa beat Montreal 3-0, and Tim Lincecum's bases-loaded single in the 11th defeated Pittsburgh 3-2.

Sounding off in much the same manner as his San Diego counterpart, Ray Kroc, had a week earlier, St. Louis owner Gussie Busch said, "I am getting damn mad.... Management does not pay salaries to supposedly quality players for consistent mental errors, for a loose and careless attitude.... If we don't get going, we may make changes, starting from the top and going all the way down to

continued

the bat boys." How did the Cardinals respond to that indictment? Reliever Mark Littell said, "Mr. Busch has been an awfully successful businessman. I'd like to sit down and talk to him regarding investments." Littell helped his own stock when he struck out five Expos in 2½ innings as he wrapped up an 8-4 win a few hours after Busch's verbal barrage.

PHIL 36-29 CHH 36-31 MONT 36-34
PIT 31-34 NY 31-41 STL 25-45

NL WEST "I don't know why I started doing it," said Vida Blue of the Giants (5-2). "It just seemed so natural." What came naturally was the cheerleading Blue has been doing at Candlestick Park, where, when not pitching, he comes out of the dugout to whip up the crowd. Four Giants who have not played much gave Blue lots of opportunities to lead cheers. Rob Andrews, at second base only because Bill Madlock was out with a pulled hamstring, beat the Mets 4-3 with a single in the 10th. Substitute outfielder Herty Cruz had four RBIs as the Giants decked the Braves 9-0. Roger Metzger took over the shortstop job from Johnnie LeMaster, batted .353 (123 points better than his career average) and drove in some vital runs. Two of Metzger's RBIs came in a game in which Ed Halicki held the Reds to three singles and beat them 3-0. Metzger drove in another pair of runs as Jim Barr, a pitcher the Giants had tried to trade, defeated Atlanta 2-1. Barr's no-walk performance was part of a week of remarkable control by San Francisco pitchers, who issued only 13 bases on balls. Candlestick fans became so exuberant about the Giants, who moved out to a three-game division lead, that they got out of hand during a game against the second-place Reds. When assorted fireworks crackled around Cincinnati outfielders, Umpire Doug Harvey called both teams off the field and threatened to forfeit the game to the Reds if the disturbance did not end. The explosions stopped, and Halicki went on to finish his 3-0 victory.

Cincinnati (3-3) took the two other games of that series. George Foster's 15th home run helped the Reds knock off the Giants 6-3, and Bill Bonham (8-1) and Manny Sarmiento combined on a three-hit, 5-0 win that rendered Blue cheerless. Sarmiento also pitched four shutout innings during Fred Norman's 4-2 win over St. Louis. The latest Norman conquest left him with a 45-18 record at Riverfront Stadium.

Don Sutton and newcomer Bob Welch took some pressure off the Dodgers' weary bullpen. Two wins were chalked up by Sutton, who beat Montreal 4-0 and Cincinnati 4-3. Fresh from the minors, Welch pitched 5½ innings of shutout relief, struck out seven and saved Sutton's victory over the Reds. He also became a 5-4 winner against Houston when Bill Norton doubled in the 11th and

Steve Yeager drove him in with a pinch single. Another big hit was Steve Garvey's homer that gave Burt Hooton a 1-0 triumph over Cincy. Second Baseman Davey Lopes came within one of the league record when he stole four bases in one game. Since Lopes recovered from pleurisy and a pulled chest muscle, Los Angeles (4-2) has been 12-7. While Lopes was out, the Dodgers were 5-9.

FINGERS DOESN'T PUT OUT FIRES, HE STARTS THEM. That was the sign posted in Randy Jones' locker in San Diego (4-2) after Rolfe Fingers had prankishly torched Jones' clothes. On the mound, Fingers was smoking as he earned his third win and 15th and 16th saves. Also hot were Oscar Gamble, who batted .429, and Gene Richards, who hit .500. Gaylord Perry's 50th career shutout was a 3-0 four-hitter against Houston.

Leadoff man Terry Puhl of the Astros (3-3) hit .458 and took over the lead in the league batting race with a .328 average.

SF 44-24 CIN 42-28 LA 39-30
SD 32-37 HOU 30-35 ATL 27-39

AL EAST While the Red Sox (4-2) continued to get strong hitting and stingy pitching, the Orioles (3-3) and Yankees (3-4) fell 8½ games back. Jim Palmer of Baltimore beat Oakland 2-1, Scott McGregor held off Milwaukee 8-5, and Mike Flanagan (11-4) beat the Brewers 10-3. Flanagan's victory was his sixth in a row, his 10th in his last 11 decisions and his 24th out of 30 dating back to June 1977. New York was within two outs of a 1-0 loss to Detroit's Dave Rosens when Reggie Jackson homered, setting off a New York rally that clinched Ron Gaudry's 12th win without a loss.

Rookie Second Baseman Paul Molitor's third steal of the game—a swipe of home—helped Milwaukee (3-4) defeat Cleveland 4-1. Jerry Augustine, who won that game, evened his record at 8-8, shutting out Seattle on three hits. Since returning to the rotation after a bullpen stint, Augustine has allowed only one run in 23½ innings.

When Manager Ralph Houk of Detroit (3-3) heard laughter on the team bus following a loss in Minnesota, he angrily told his players, "I wouldn't laugh at anything the way you're playing." The cause of Houk's displeasure was the Tigers' seventh loss in a row. They broke the streak with a 4-3 win over the Blue Jays in which Jason Thompson doubled home the winning run in the 13th. Thompson's 17th homer and three RBIs then beat Toronto 10-8, and his two RBIs helped Jim Slaton defeat New York 4-3. Overall, Thompson batted .480 and drove in nine runs. The latest report on Mark (The Bird) Fidrych was not good; after four weeks of rest and light workouts in Florida, his arm was still sore, and he could only lob the ball.

Rick Warts (5-7, 2.53 ERA) of Cleveland (4-3) won twice, ending Milwaukee's 10-

game winning streak with a 3-0 victory and beating Toronto 8-3.

By losing all five of their games, the Blue Jays ended up with the lowest win-loss percentage in either league—.313.

BOS 46-21 BAL 40-29 NY 40-29 MIL 39-30
DET 34-33 CLE 30-36 TOR 21-46

AL WEST "What's it like to lose in this league?" Tom Paciorek kept asking on the team bus as the Mariners (5-1), who earlier had broken a 10-game losing streak—their worst ever—reeled off five victories to tie their longest winning string. Paciorek, who had played in the National League before he was called up to Seattle when Ruppert Jones had an appendectomy, got his answer on Saturday. That was the day Paciorek started for the first time in leftfield, was hit on the left wrist by a line drive and went 0 for 3 at the plate during a 5-0 loss to Milwaukee. Glenn Abbott, recovered from a bad hamstring pull and sprained ankle, had opened Seattle's win streak with a 3-2 victory in Boston. The outcome of that game was in doubt until Leftfielder Bruce Bochte made a skidding, one-handed grab of Jim Rice's two-on, two-out liner in the ninth. Abbott also picked up the Mariners' fifth win when he beat the Brewers 3-0 on four hits.

Like the Mariners, the Rangers (6-1) had plenty of wins to savor. With Bobby Bonds coming out of his slump, Texas climbed to second place, half a game behind Kansas City. In a 3-2 victory over Toronto, Bonds doubled in the ninth, advanced to third on a ground out and scored the winning run on a drag bunt by Bobby Thompson. Then Bonds, a 409 hitter for the week, drove in eight runs as Texas took a doubleheader from California 7-0 and 8-4. His pair of three-run homers paved the way for Ferguson Jenkins' eighth victory in the opener, and his double knocked in two more runs in the nightcap. Richie Zisk, who early in the season had a bunch of clutch hits but whose average had since fallen into the .270s, delivered a game-winning single in a 5-4 victory over Oakland. It came in the ninth after Bump Wills was walked intentionally so the A's could get at Zisk, whose hit climaxed a Ranger comeback from a 4-0 deficit. Thompson, a rookie centerfielder, homered as Jon Matlack (6-8, but a 2.57 ERA) handcuffed the Angels 3-0 in two infield singles.

Ravaling Bonds' productivity was Claudell Washington of Chicago (2-5). Washington batted .393, drove in seven runs, scored seven times and walloped his first two homers of the season in a resounding return to action. Washington had been disabled for 25 days with a girgry ankle after being obtained in the May deal that sent Bonds to Texas.

With their bats not as potent as usual, the Royals (5-3) had to rely on the relief work of Al Hrabosky and their speed on the base

continued

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paths. Hrabosky earned his second victory and ninth, 10th and 11th saves as he yielded only one hit and struck out eight batters in 555 innings. Among the Royals' 20 stolen bases were seven by Fred Patek, to run his season's total to 22. Willie Wilson's three thefts gave him 27, tops in the league.

After six years in the minors, Dave Machemer, 27, made it to the majors as an infielder with the Angels (4-3). The wait was almost worth it, in his first at bat, Machemer homered, becoming the 46th player in major league history to accomplish that feat. Machemer's blast, plus Don Baylor's 17th, helped Don Aase beat Minnesota 5-2. A ninth-inning home run by Ron Fairly gave Chris Knapp a 3-2 win in New York. And then Fairly and Brian Downing each had three RBIs as Frank Tanana (11-3) beat the Twins 10-5. A pulled hamstring put Nolan Ryan on the 21-day disabled list.

Although owner Charlie Finley kept bringing in new players, Oakland (2-5) fell to fourth place. One of the acquisitions was Second Baseman Tito Fuentes, who hit .309 for Detroit last season, became a free agent, was released by Montreal and wound up playing in Mexico until summoned by Finley. In his first 20 at bats with the A's, Fuentes had one

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

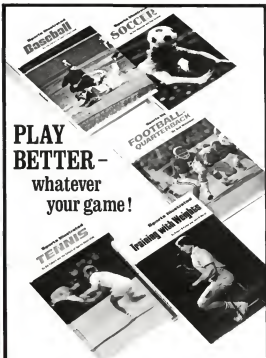
WIDE BLUE: While baffling New York 3-0 and Atlanta 9-0 on a pair of five-hitters, the San Francisco lefty struck out 17, walked three, allowed no extra-base hits and improved his record to 10 wins in 14 decisions.

hit. Tim Conroy, an 18-year-old lefty from Monroeville, Pa., also joined the A's. When Conroy boarded the team bus he carried a bag emblazoned MONROEVILLE MALLERS. After giving up two hits, five walks and one run in his 3½-inning debut in Kansas City, Conroy said, "I enjoyed it. In high school the high hard ones were strikeouts. These guys hit it." Conroy, who averaged 2.26 strikeouts per inning this season for his high school team, did not fan anyone, but he did depart with a 5-1 lead and the A's held on for a 5-4 victory. Oakland's other 18-year-old pitcher, Mike Morgan, was sent to the minors after losing his third game without a win. More dependable was Steve Renko, who ended Oakland's 11-game losing streak with a 2-1 victory in Texas.

Dave Goltz notched Minnesota's only two wins in six games. Mike Marshall earned his ninth save as he locked up an 8-4 win over Detroit for Goltz. Then Goltz tossed a five-hitter and, with the aid of Craig Kuske's homer in the ninth, beat the White Sox 3-1.

KC 37-31 TEX 37-32 CAL 36-34 OAK 34-37
CH 32-36 MINN 28-39 SEA 24-48

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The question was simple enough: Would 20-year-old Marty Hogan finally win the National Racquetball Championship? He was certainly due. In 1975 he had lost a first-round match to Victor Niederhoffer, a squash star. Well, Hogan's supporters said, Marty was inexperienced. In 1976 Charlie Brumfield, the five-time national racquetball champion, beat him in the finals. Well, Marty was still inexperienced, at least compared to Brumfield, who had been there before. And last year, again in the finals, Hogan had been upset by Davey Bledsoe. Well, Marty was at his worst and

Bledsoe was playing out of his mind. There was no other way Hogan could have lost.

Now he was certainly out of excuses. Hogan had won seven of the eight tournaments on the 1977-78 tour and had taken to calling himself Killer Dog. He had already been named co-winner (with Chris Evert) of *Racquet Magazine's* athlete of the year award. Lose the 1978 nationals and Hogan could audition for that skit on *Saturday Night Live*, the one called Bad Theater.

"No problem," said Hogan. "I'm ready." He looked it. His quarterfinal

opponent last week in Belleville, Mich., Rich Wagner, stayed deep in the backcourt and built up a 15-9 lead. But Marty is toughest when trailing. He blithely ran out the match 21-18, 21-13. The result was enough to unnerve Hogan's semifinal fodder, Ben Koltun. "I don't talk to Marty. I don't play him. I don't even like him," said Koltun, psyching up. He was talking about his best friend. Hogan spun off 11 aces, won 19 of 42 points on his blazing serve and sailed by Koltun 21-9, 21-6. "That's as well as you're ever going to see Marty play," said Chuck Leve, national director of the U.S. Racquetball Association.

The trouble was, Hogan might have to play better in the finals. His opponent was Brumfield, psych artist, master of con and the only player to beat Hogan this season. Brumfield had taken him in January in Portland, Ore. and as recently as May beaten him in the finals of a non-tour event, the Tournament of Champions in Los Angeles. "That was for \$5,000, winner take all," said Brumfield. "Marty can't stand the pressure."

As if to prove his own pressure mettle, Brumfield fought off two match points in the semis en route to a 21-16, 17-21, 11-10 victory over Mike Yellen. The match was so gripping that people were making comparisons to great semifinals of yore: Borg-Gerulaitis at Wimbledon in 1977, the UCLA-North Carolina State basketball game in the 1974 NCAAAs, several NFC and AFC championships (pro football's version of semis), that kind of thing. "Semifinals are often better than finals," said Leve. "A lot of people have the goal of just reaching the finals. They don't have the mental toughness to play in it."

Hogan was only too aware of his own misfortune in the finals. He reminded himself of it all season every time his game slipped. In 1977 he had played too tensely, in part because his mother, Goldie, and his grandmother, Frieda, were in the first row. This time Goldie was in the third row and Frieda was far back. Back in St. Louis, to be exact. "The grandmother is the main thing," said Charlie Drake, Hogan's manager. "She gets excited and it bothers Marty no end."

continued

Marty Hogan, famed as the best player never to win the national championship, had run out of excuses when he took the court for his fourth try at the title

Big howl from Killer Dog



Charlie Brumfield, a five-time national champion, strove to contain Hogan's power and exuberance

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Once Marty was stopped by a policeman for a traffic violation in front of his house. His grandmother came running out. "No problem, no problem," Marty kept telling her. The cop thought Marty wasn't taking him seriously enough so he threw him in jail." His grandmother out of the way, Killer Dog was a kitchen cat. He didn't mock opponents, he didn't abuse the officials; all that remained of his old persona was his overrated confidence. "I'll annihilate him," he said.

Brumfield was not exactly playing dead. He had studied some books on ballet, and it showed. In the semis he had saved match points with dives that were as graceful as they were desperate. In the finals he knew he would need every dive in his repertoire, graceful or otherwise.

Indeed, it promised to be a last hurrah for the old control game and its chief exponent Brumfield, who at 30 is middle-aged by racquetball standards. For the occasion, Brumfield had outfitted his rabid, beer-swilling fans in BRUM'S BUMS T shirts.

As expected, Hogan took the lead,acing Brumfield nine times and hitting winners with awesome power shots. The score of the first game was 21-12 Hogan, and his performance was more impressive than the score indicated. Brumfield did not lose a single point on a forced error.

Hogan, still cruising, built up a 14-7 lead in the second game. Then came the strangest turnabout of the tournament. Brumfield, stripped of his psyching tactics by Hogan's sheer power, changed his mode of play. He slowed everything down, hitting soft serves ("Marty's return of the hard serves had been phenomenal," Brumfield said later) and high shots to the wall, waiting for openings. Hogan became unnerved. He lost his serve and his concentration crumbled. Two errors and four placements followed, and Brumfield trailed 14-11. Hogan won back the serve and made it 15-11 on a forehand kill. "Six more points!" he yelled. Instead, Brumfield, using Hogan's errors and setups, ran off five

points to take a 16-15 lead. Hogan won a point, but there seemed to be no stopping Brumfield. Three more placements and an error, and he was ahead 20-16.

It was the old story. Surely now Hogan would lose the game, drop the 11-point tie breaker and blow another final. Hogan was trying desperately to think of the points, not the match. "All that practice," he kept telling himself. "I can't lose the bleeping match. If I can just get my serve back and get the momentum." On the first game-point against him he hit his patented shot—a "splat" that caroms off the side wall to the front wall—but Brumfield was waiting for a kill. Incredibly, he blew the shot. Hogan's splat had come in so fast, Brum said later, that he had temporarily lost sight of it.

Hogan made it 17-20 on a backhand kill, lost the serve and fought off another game point with another backhand kill. A forehand made it 18-20. Hogan faced a third game point and won back the serve on a three-wall shot, when Brumfield missed a backhand kill—a shot he

continued

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RACQUETBALL *continued*

makes 90% of the time. Who was choking now? A backhand kill, a miss by Brum and finally Marty Hogan, the *enfant terrible*, the best player never to win the nationals, was serving for it at 20-all. Why prolong it? He won with the shot that made him famous, a kill from deep in the backcourt. Brum raised Hogan's arm and Brum's Bums graciously presented Marty with a bottle of champagne. "For the first time I feel like I'm the best," Hogan said. The \$7,000 winner's check made him feel even more like it.

In the women's division, which had half as many players, half as much money and one-fifth the attention, there was an almost equally arresting figure in defending champion Shannon Wright. She looks somewhat like Patty Duke, and, indeed, her life reads like a movie script. She was married at 18 and was taught racquetball by her husband, Pete Wright, in Fort Worth. "I knew after two weeks I'd be a champion," she says. Divorced a couple of years later, she moved to San Diego and began developing her power game against men.

Enter the male lead. "I'd become a millionaire in trucking, but I was a mental and physical wreck," says Jim Lewis, Wright's manager-agent-boyfriend. "I weighed 190 and had a 36-inch waist. I went to San Diego to get myself together, talked to a little girl on the phone the first day and we've been together ever since. Now I have a 30-inch waist and weigh 158."

The pair found bliss last year when Shannon won her first nationals at 20, but after suffering an ear infection during a rafting trip in Canada last summer, she did poorly at the beginning of the tour. It scarcely helped that the other players considered her aloof and acerbic. Though she recovered to take three of her last four tournaments, no one quite believed what she and Lewis were loudly proclaiming. "Shannon is going to dominate women's racquetball for the next five or six years," said Lewis.

When Wright beat Jennifer Harding 21-3, 21-8 in 43 minutes to win her second straight nationals, she emerged gracious and smiling. "We're going abroad," said Lewis. "I'm going to shoot pictures of Shannon holding her racquet in front of the Wailing Wall, the Eiffel Tower and the Colosseum."

Why not take Marty Hogan along? He deserves to pose with history. He spent three years fighting it

END

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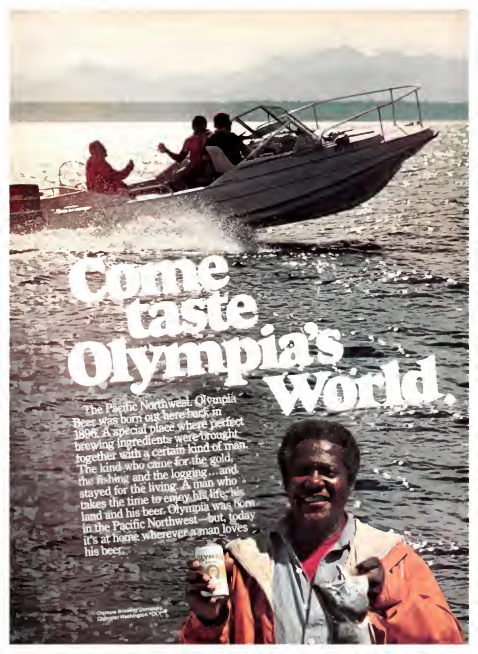
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The new kid on the track

Sixteen is sweet for Ronnie Hirdes, who is inviting the inevitable comparisons



It's a familiar enough scene. The very young, slightly built youngster is sitting on a stone wall outside the jockeys' room, listening intently to a trainer's instructions for the next race. Two teen-age girls approach the jockey, hesitate, then silently hand over their programs and pens. They stare at him as if trying to commit his face and this moment to memory. The boy signs his name and hands the programs and pens back. Not one word is exchanged. The girls depart silently. The youngster turns his attention back to the trainer. A minute later three track security policemen approach and repeat the girls' performance. This is a celebrity. But it's not Steve Cauthen. The jockey's name is Ron Hirdes Jr., and the man he's talking to is Harry Trotsek, the trainer who discovered him.

The girls and the policemen and all the others who seek his autograph this day at Thistledown racecourse near Cleveland are just what they seem to be: fans. They may have been late getting Cauthen's signature, not having known of his existence until he had become a big name in New York, but they're not going to mess out with this one. They've seen him in person and they have the autograph to prove it and maybe in a year or so he'll be as well known as Steve is now, and they can boast to their friends that they met him when he was just starting out.

On Feb. 15 this year two important things happened to Hirdes (pronounced her-dees). He turned 16 and he got his jockey's license. A week later, in his native New Orleans, he rode in his first official race, finishing sixth on a horse named Hasty Mac in the fourth race at

the Fair Grounds. On May 20 the boy did something that few, if any, 16-year-old jockeys have ever accomplished. He won a \$100,000 stakes race, and it was only the 20th win of his career. It was a day when the racing public's eyes were trained on a race being run at Pimlico, the Preakness, in which Steve Cauthen was aboard Affirmed. Eight minutes after Steve won the Preakness, Ronnie was getting ready to win the first leg of what turned out to be his own triple. He piloted Baionnier to a three-length victory in the \$104,700 male-and-an-eighth Illinois Derby at Sportsman's Park in Cicero. The next day he flew to Thistledown and won the one-mile \$11,125 Rosie O'Grady Stakes on a 4-year-old filly called Belle of Dodge Me and on the third day, at Arlington Park in Chicago, he completed his triple by winning the six-furlong \$22,875 Four Winds Handicap by a neck on Famed Princess. And Hirdes won all three races without benefit of the five-pound weight allowance apprentice jockeys get in non-stakes races. As of June 23, Hirdes' mounts had earned \$440,418 and he had won 51 races in 286 starts. Currently he is second in the jockeys' standings at Arlington Park to Eddie Delahoussaye, who leads the nation in races won.

Hollywood legend has it that Lana Turner was discovered when a talent scout noted her conformation as she sat on a stool in a Sunset Boulevard soda fountain. Trainer Harry Trotsek has been a successful talent scout for almost half a century. He has a sharp eye for conformation in horses and size and deportment in jockeys. He discovered and developed such riders as Johnny Sellers,

John Rotz and Kenny Church. One fall weekend in 1975 he spotted and took an immediate liking to a 15-year-old boy walking a horse off the track at Churchill Downs. He didn't see Steve Cauthen gillip the horse, he just liked his hands, for one thing, and the fact that he had a nice seat on a horse. Trotsek turned to his foreman and said, "Do you know who that kid is?" The foreman said he knew the kid's father, so Trotsek told him to "go find out if he wants to go to Florida with us." When the foreman spoke to Tex Cauthen that day, the answer was, "No. He's going back to school."

Two and a half years later Trotsek walked into the track kitchen at the Fair Grounds and spotted another 15-year-old boy. "I met Ronnie in the early part of February," he says. "I hadn't seen him ride, I just liked the way he was built. He was light, young and full of pep. He reminded me of Cauthen. I was impressed with his compact size (4' 11", 92 pounds) and his hands. I put him under contract two days later. He's come along very fast. He's just a natural."

Hirdes was in his sophomore year at Abramson Marion High School when he met Trotsek. The trainer got mixed reactions from Ronnie's parents when he first proposed signing the boy to a three-year contract. The father, Ron Sr., is a trainer and sometime longshoreman who almost became a jockey himself. So he was delighted. The mother, however, was not crazy about it.

Young Ronnie was not one of those kids who was put on a horse when he was two years old. In fact, he says, "I was scared to death of horses. I was about 11 or 12 when I first got on one. My dad had just bought a horse called L'il Diamond. It was a little-bitty puny thing, run-down. I used to run and hide when he'd go out in back with the horse. I didn't want to have nothing to do with it." The cure for Ronnie's phobia was an ancient and primitive one. "My daddy kind of hit me with a strap a few times. To encourage me. He brought me around. He did a lot of yelling and screaming. That's how I started learning. I'm glad he did, 'cause I really like what I'm doing now. I'm not afraid now."

Ronnie claims he learned just about everything about riding horses on L'il Diamond. He would take the 2-year-old colt over to a 3/8-mile bush track called Oak Downs in Pearl River, La. and practice in the gates for half an hour. Then when

continued

he was 13, he started riding match races with quarter horses there. It wasn't a recognized racetrack and a boy didn't need a jockey's license. "They raced all year round," he says. "They never stopped. Racing was every Sunday, 19 to 20 races a day. They'd start at noon and go into the middle of the night. I rode from June 1975 all the way up to Feb. 15, 1978. That's when I got my jock's license. I rode against boys that were nine years old and weighed about 45 pounds. Most of the jocks down in New Orleans got their start there at Pearl River, the ones coming up nowadays. I feel I gained a lot of valuable experience around the starting gate at that track. Most of the races were short and the break was very important. I even rode in a couple of races that were only 30 feet long."

So Ronnie had some experience when he was "discovered." As soon as the contract was signed, Trotsek took Hirdes to live with him in Coral Gables, Fla. and the youngster started riding at Gulfstream. It was there that he won his first race on April 13 aboard a long shot named Kinkara. The boy was on his way. Next, he and Trotsek traveled to Lexington, Ky. for the last week and a half of the Keeneland meet, and Hirdes won his first two races there. By the time the meet ended he was fourth-leading rider.

From Keeneland, Trotsek and Hirdes moved on to Churchill Downs and Ronnie's introduction to Steve Cauthen on Derby day. "He didn't know who I was,"

Ronnie says, "and he was busy with the reporters and all. But after he got situated, I was introduced to him by [jockey] Bernie Saylor." Hirdes then went out on Bismarck and won the Twin Spires, the 1½-mile race preceding the Kentucky Derby. "When I got back to the jockeys' room after winning the race," he says, "Cauthen came over, shook my hand and congratulated me. He said I gave the horse a beautiful ride, and I said, 'Thank you.' After that, he won the Derby. And he gave me a rose off the blanket and said, 'Here's a rose to my bug boy here.' I really like him."

At this stage of his career, Hirdes has taken a path remarkably similar to Cauthen's, in that Ronnie has had the same agents Cauthen did before Lenny Goodman snapped him up. He had Paul Blair down in Florida. Then when he shipped to Kentucky, Ed Campbell took his book. The agreement with Blair was that if Ronnie did well in Kentucky, Blair would handle him at Arlington Park, where Trotsek is headquartered. Blair had Cauthen's book for about five weeks when he rode at Arlington.

"But Cauthen was a finished race rider by the time he got to Arlington," says Blair. "Hirdes is riding against better jockeys and better horses here than Steve did at River Downs [in Cincinnati]. It'll be another couple of months before he catches up to Cauthen at the same stage of his career. Hirdes has great hands and waits on a horse like Cauthen. He's

got a lot of natural ability. Steve didn't need mother-henning like Hirdes does, he went from 14 to 40 years old. From a child to a man. He had no boyhood. But there's no question Hirdes will make it, he's a cinch. He's a smart kid. He'll make mistakes, but he'll learn from them. ... if nothing goes wrong. If he doesn't get hurt or too smart-alecky. Some 16-year-olds get hold of a lot of money, they want cars and girls. Hirdes seems like a nice boy and has no bad habits. Doing as good as he is this early in the game is really an achievement."

Every time Ronnie is interviewed he is asked about Cauthen. Question: "Some people think you're the new Steve Cauthen, how do you react to that?" Answer: "I'll try to be better than him if I can. I'm still practicing in the mornings, working on switching socks a lot faster and thinking a lot quicker, which I'm doing now. When I first started riding, I wasn't relaxed, I was worried about winning all the time. Not no more. I just take it day by day."

On June 18 in Cleveland, Hirdes finally got a chance to ride against Cauthen. The big race of the day was the 10th, the 1½-mile \$150,000 Ohio Derby. Cauthen was on the 1-to-5 favorite, Believe It, and Hirdes was to ride the second betting favorite, 3-to-1 Bismarck. But their first meeting was the eighth race. Neither finished in the money. Cauthen's agent, Goodman, was asked to assess Hirdes' riding style. "Sits like Shoemaker," he said. "The long hold. Sits nearly straight up 'cause he's so short, and he takes a long hold. Steve is more like Bazen. He's taller, so he lies low and takes a shorter hold." About Ronnie's future, Goodman said, "Breaks have a lot to do with it. I think it'll be great if Hirdes stays around Chicago and builds up his reputation and confidence."

Hirdes confirmed Trotsek's faith in him by finishing second by half a length to long shot Special Honor in the Ohio Derby. Cauthen's mount, Believe It, failed to bre and finished a distant sixth, 5½ lengths behind the leader. Now Ronnie knows what it's like to race against Steve Cauthen.

The likelihood of two sensational 16-year-old apprentice jockeys coming along in racing in such a short time span is almost as remote as having back-to-back Triple Crown winners. But it happened. Seattle Slew and Affirmed. Cauthen and Hirdes.



Stardom was in the cards for Cauthen (left); now Hirdes is learning more than racetrack runnery

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A MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION





Jim Bouton, the former World Series hero, bestselling author and TV star, is back pitching in Double A. At 39 years old, he has junked his other careers to knuckleball his guts out in the game that he loves

BY FRANK DEFORD

CONTINUED

THE ARM

The man born to money expects riches for a lifetime, just as the man born with good looks assumes they will always get him by. But if the gold or good looks disappear, most such men learn to accept it. Even the vainest of men succumb at last to the reality that their physical gifts are gone. But perhaps no man is so haunted as the one who was once stunned by instant success, for he lives thereafter with the illusion that tomorrow is bound to bring one more bolt of good fortune.

Once upon a time Jim Bouton was an ugly duckling: scrawny, pimples on his face, braces on his teeth, a pitching arm so ordinary that he was known as Warm-Up Bouton for the position he customarily filled. Then, overnight, he had an arm. Oh, but he could smoke it. He was 21-7 with the American League champion Yankees in 1963, 18-13 and twice a winner in the World Series the next year. And, just like that, his arm was gone. Dust to dust. No vehicle to overnight success can be more fragile than an arm. Not swords, not cleavage, not wit, not fraud, not nothing. Just like that: 4-15. Long relief. Sent down: 2-8 in the minors. Traded. Given up on. Quit.

Usually Forgotten follows that, but in Bouton's case, with his bestseller, *Bull Four*, he traded simple fame for notoriety. He became a TV sports announcer in New York and proved to be so naturally His Glibness that soon he sat on the *What's My Line* panel, cheek by jowl with Arlene Francis and Bill Cullen themselves. Jim Bouton was a name.

But all the dumb sonofabitch ever wanted was to be an arm again.

This is why, in the middle of his life, when all the children he grew up with have turned in their mitts and mar-

bles, Bouton plays the boy again in the Class AA Southern League, starting every fifth day for the Savannah nine, throwing against the bats of certified prospects who can tell the correct time of life. One motive for this mad indulgence is, surely, a search for vanished youth—Bouton will be 40 years old next March 8. Also, there is the fantasy of playing Peter Pan, and the real escape from the responsibility that a wife and three children press upon a man. But mostly, it seems, the dream of being an arm, only briefly fulfilled, has never left Bouton.

"It's all face value," says Vic Ziegel, Bouton's old friend and writing partner. "Jim was simply never better as a human being than when he had a uniform on." Bouton subscribes to that. Someday, he says, it will be time to move on again from baseball, but do not ask exactly when. Bouton is honest enough to sense what Oscar Wilde divined, that "the only difference between a caprice and a lifelong passion is that the caprice lasts a little longer."

THE OLD MAN

Savannah is but the latest way station. Bouton has been there since mid-May, and his knuckleball (mixed with a palm ball and cut fastball—"cut" apparently being a euphemism for "slow") has brought him a 4-4 record, with a 3.46 ERA. But in the last year or so, Bouton has hired out for whoever would take him on to pitch, in whatever backwater on the North American continent. He even had a deal set for The Netherlands, if no team in the New World wanted him. His comeback has been so painfully extended that no one can any longer seriously suggest that Bouton has been tramping through the bush leagues merely to research another book. One might as well say that Richard

Nixon orchestrated Watergate merely to obtain anecdotal bestseller material.

"Someday I may want to do a book," Bouton says, "but I have absolutely no intention of doing so now. I wouldn't want a book as a saving thing. I'd lose the fun of the experience if I had that to fall back on. If with each setback I could say, 'Well, it really doesn't matter because it's another good chapter,' then the experience itself would be devalued."

"People have got to understand—I want to get to the highest level of competition I possibly can, but I swear I am not trying to get to the majors. It's sort of like Zen. I don't want to aim for the target. The way to hit it is not to aim for it. All I know is that



In a minor league bus, as on major league airplanes, Bouton is the weirdo who reads books without pictures.

this experience has been satisfying in every respect. It was even satisfying last year when I couldn't win a game. So I know I've made the right decision whether or not I ever get any higher. I've been happy most of my life, but never more than now. Of course, the minors are not as good as the majors, but the question to me is whether the minors are better than much of the rest of life. And to me, they are.

"I remember when I first quit TV to go back and everybody said I was crazy. There was a producer at CBS named Eric Ober, and he said, 'Hey, I know why you're doing this.' I said, 'Yes' and he said, 'Because when you die, you're dead for a long time.'

"Dead for a long time. That's the truth. And they say I'm old now. That's funny, because when I really am old, I'm going to have a lot of fun. I'm going to have some stories to tell. All the kids on the block are going to want to come over and listen to strange old Jim as he sits in his rocker and talks about the old days. And professionally, when I get to be an old man, I'm going to be a terrific actor. I know that. All this stuff is just getting me ready to be an old man. I am going to be one great old man."

In fact, at this juncture, Bouton is a very youthful middle-aged man, towheaded and shiny-faced, with a countenance and form befitting his four decades. He is not quite six feet tall. When he starred with the Yankees in a previous generation he weighed 185 and threw with such velocity that unseemly grunts—backfires—emanated from his throat, and the force of his delivery kept knocking off his cap. He appeared stocky and blurred, whereas now he is lithe and defined, with pectorals and biceps bulging out of a 165-pound body that never, never knows the backslider's joy of tasting refined sugar. As a young Savannah teammate said in the dugout one evening, "There's no fat on him except in his head." Or, as Bouton's wife says, "Have you seen those thighs? Aren't they something?"

Yes, heaves the mistress baseball, there is indeed a wife—Barbara Bouton, usually known as Bobby. Her husband identifies her as a good scout, inasmuch as she ribbed him as a husband prospect when he was still a homely and insecure little fellow who was hoping to make the freshman squad at Western Michigan University. Bobby is pretty, sweet and fun, and not so very long ago she had a husband in the 50% bracket who came home nights, and did fine handiwork on weekends

about their 20-room mansion, which stood upon a choice acre of land with a kempt lawn, flourishing trees and a swimming pool. Now her husband resides in an efficiency in Georgia, and her days in New Jersey have been filled with trying to fix up a turn-of-the-century house that they picked up from a widow, because they sold their estate to pay the food bills while Daddy pursues his search for temporary happiness. To put up with this, Bobby Bouton is obviously either a saint or as nutty as a fruitcake. Notwithstanding, she explains quite evenly, "I'd feel terrible if we held him back. I agreed he needed a break at this point in his life. Of course it's been tough on me. I miss him very much. It's hard. But whether or not what Jim is doing is fair to me or the children doesn't matter, because for now he's doing what I want him to do."

THE KNUCKLEBALL

Bouton is not merely indulging some quixotic daydream. He is a 39-year-old athlete with a knuckleball. Phil Niekro, of Savannah's parent team, the Atlanta Braves, is a 39-year-old knuckleballer who leads the big leagues in innings pitched. Hoyt Wilhelm labored successfully in the majors till age 49. A knuckleball (in fact, it is thrown with the fingertips digging into the ball, so the knuckles loom over it like a parapet) is shoved plateward with little stress on the arm, and even the most cursory inspection of the American League's premier knuckleballer, the corpulent 36-year-old Wilbur Wood of the White Sox, shows that the knuckler does not require a well-honed body. Sexy thighs are quite optional. Moreover, Bouton first tamed the pitch at age 12, and although he shelved it when he got his arm, he actually won a handful of games with it in the major leagues after

COVERED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



In his Savannah efficiency, Bouton makes one of the concoctions that helped him trim from 185 pounds to 165

he lost the arm. So, theoretically, Bouton can make a comeback at 39.

In fact, the Zen business and the testimonials to inner happiness in Double A are probably delivered as verbal waste pitches. It is difficult to believe that Bouton, who in his Yankee days was called the Bulldog, is not striving to go back up, even if he knows that the odds are against him—geriatrically and culturally. Of the latter: for having written *Ball Four*, he remains a pariah to many of the higher-ups in the national pastime. Though Bouton volunteered to pay all his own expenses, only two major league teams would so much as agree to cast eyes on him. Seattle, which has a team ERA of 4.41, tendered the most thoughtful turndown: "If we gave you a chance, we'd have to do it for everybody"—and thereby handed Bouton a title, even if he doesn't have a book.

It is instructive that the only ones who would permit Bouton, at his own cost, to soil their practice diamonds were those two prize eccentrics, Bill Veeck and Ted Turner. Veeck's White Sox organization released Bouton last year, and Turner's farm director, one Henry Aaron, released him earlier this season. Bouton survived only because Turner in a gesture of noblesse oblige ordered his underlings to take Bouton back. "I already had a 39-year-old knuckleballer [Niekro] and, besides, Bouton's entertaining just to have around," Turner says with a chuckle, just as the lord of the manor might explain why he had added another dwarf or concubine to the castle manifest.

But Bouton is undeterred. Despite the fact that The Netherlands is only an owner's whim away, he possesses an unholy belief in his ability to thrive by rising to the occasion. "I can pitch with my stomach," he declares proudly. *Is i magen*, the Swedes call it—ice in the belly. While Bouton believes that he has always had this super quality, now he knows he is almost impregnable to failure: win, he goes up to major league baseball; lose, he goes up to major league television.

Make no mistake—he is deadly earnest in what he is attempting. He is risking embarrassment and the financial and emotional well-being of his family. But it does not tarnish the sincerity of the endeavor to say that it remains, most of all, enchanting.

Bouton's whole career has been so. Unlike most successful athletes, whose skills were so apparent that they had endorsement contracts in the sixth grade, Bouton had no expectations of sporting achievement. He was just a fan who borrowed a uniform. Even when he got his pinstripes, he kept No. 56—his original minor-leaguer's temporary number—and he kept the locker nearest the door as if he didn't

want to be any trouble when he was asked to leave because there had been some mistake.

Talking to Bouton and to those close to him, there is even the odd sensation that they still do not believe that the big leagues really happened. Bobby Bouton kept scrapbooks during those years, but no more diligently than she did when, a couple of years back, her husband pitched indifferently in the Jersey semipro. It is all of a piece, all just some fun pitching Jim did. Some husbands bowl, some have a darkroom in the basement.

Bob Bouton, one of Jim's brothers, called up Bobby the other day to check on his brother's progress in Savannah, and when he learned of another good outing, he said, "You know, Bobby, if Jim makes it again, this time we'll be able to really enjoy it. The first time was such a surprise, it happened so quickly, and then it was over so fast. This time we'll be prepared, and we can really savor it."

No, Bobby Bouton is probably neither a saint nor a screwball. She just loves her husband and appreciates that he is

possessed and that only patience or glory can exorcise the commanding spirits. What a chance he has! All those pitchers in the Hall of Fame—Cy Young, Walter Johnson, Bobby Feller, that whole crowd—they only made it up once. But Jim Bouton with his magic knuckleball, he might be able to do it twice! He'd be the one and only! Bobby Bouton a good scout? Hey, good isn't the word! She picked out this century's Faust. Only he's a lot better than Faust. Faust had to make a deal. Jim Bouton is the first free-agent Faust! Oh, that Marvin Miller!



Serrations filed into Bouton's nails help keep his pitches knuckling

THE MOUND

Bouton's unlikely ascension from teen-age obscurity to the world champions in less than four years was propelled by a succession of fluke chances, each of which he met by triumphing with the ice in his belly. This power, as we shall see, appears to have returned to him, reinforcing an assurance already brimming past food levels. Ziegel, who in 1976 was one of Bouton's collaborators when *Ball Four* was made into a TV sitcom, recalls in fond exasperation, "I could never win an argument with Jim because he is unshakable in his beliefs. I'm human. I have doubts. Jim doesn't have doubts. He believes: I think it, therefore it must be true."

This supreme self-confidence has been nurtured by the course of events, in which every time Bouton has been set back, he has rebounded higher. He left the majors, not as a failed pitcher but as a celebrity author with a handsome job waiting at a New York television station. Fired from that (for refusing to be a shill), he was instantly hired by a more prestigious and sympathetic channel. And given a

continued



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naise. The televising of *Ball Four* followed in time, and while the show was a disaster, a searing episode devolving ridicule upon Bouton, he was personally rewarded with offers to go to Hollywood and write TV shows or to return to TV news as a sportscaster.

Instead, he decided to escape back to the diamond, a notion he had been flirting with almost from the day he left the sport in 1970 and discovered that he literally itched whenever he was obliged to attend games as a reporter. He kept pitching semipro, he hauled his family off on pitching vacations to Canada and Oregon, and once he and some friends seriously considered buying their own minor league club so that Bouton would be assured a spot in the pitching rotation.

Unlike television (or almost anything else, for that matter), baseball offers consummate order, plus control for the man on the mound. Bouton was pilloried as an author, fired as an announcer and then had his work perverted by network groupthink, even though he was a main writer and star of *Ball Four*. "From the very beginning I told CBS that we should deal with real people in real situations," he says, "but all they wanted were forced laughs. None of the writers knew about sports. Sports is one of the most pervasive elements in our society, but no one in television knew about them. But they knew about *Gilligan's Island*, so they made *Ball Four* into a *Gilligan's Island* in baseball suits. Then they would send it out to Hollywood, to the laugh room. It's called 'sweetening.' Once I counted: they put in 230 laughs in 23 minutes. Oh, it could have been so good. But after what they did to it, I was actually relieved when it was canceled."

It was while he was in this dejected spirit that Bouton decided to return to a familiar haven. Baseball does, after all, appeal to the more introspective side of an athlete. Young sports stars discover early that high school football and basketball games are occasions for hero-worshipping that are woven into the emotional fabric of the community. By contrast, high school baseball games—and even college and minor-league games—are attended for the most part by a coterie of kind relatives and connoisseurs. Football and basketball players tend to be sensitive to their team and the crowd, baseball players to their game and the experience.

But even beyond that, Bouton was a pitcher, the most independent figure in a team game that with every pitch is played one-on-one. When Bouton sighs how he loves baseball, he means the green gardens, a slide into third, the laughing and spitting in the dugout. When he says he loves pitching, he is talking more about destiny. "From the time I was a kid, I had to be out there determining what happens in the game," he says. "In pitching, you are initiating the action, you are in full control. Pitching is the thinkingest of all positions in sport. Pitching most challenges your ability to put mind and body together. At this age, I couldn't be coming back as a rightfielder. I'd be bored."

Certainly one of the most telling terms in the game concerns the pitcher's responsibility—"Bouton leaves, but the runner on second remains his responsibility." Seldom elsewhere in life is responsibility clearer than in pitching. In

the real world of flux and situational ethics, responsibility is blurred and shifted. The very commend and initiative that Bouton has exhibited to his advantage on the mound are precisely the qualities that have left him a cropper in other endeavors. But pitching is neat, doubtless, perfect for Bouton. There are just outs and runs, and if another fellow makes a mistake, it isn't tabulated into your earned run average. Ultimately, it seems, the mound is just a well-lighted sanctuary that Jim Bouton has returned to for some peace.

THE BUSHER

Bouton is something of an odd duck, certainly, but he isn't the only guy who has sacrificed for the love of baseball. It might be easier to understand Bouton if you also consider the life of Bobby Dews of Edison, Ga., who was born (this is a little eerie) on March 23, 1939, only 15 days after Bouton. Probably you have never heard of Bobby Dews, unless you grew up in the Peach State and remember him from 20 years ago as the bowlegged basketball guard who played at Georgia Tech alongside Roger Kaiser, the All-America. Dews had to play defense against the opposition's better guards, so Kaiser might be spared for scoring points.

But Dews took it in stride. He was all the things Jim Bouton wasn't; he was a natural athlete, the son of a baseball pro, and basketball was merely a recreation he had mastered on the side. Baseball was his game, and the Cards signed him out of Tech for \$10,000. It has been 18 years since then, and Dews has never left baseball, to make \$0 grand on TV or to do anything else. He has never gone anywhere, either; he just stayed in the bushes. He has his college degree and he could do a lot of things, but he scuffles by on \$15,000 a year, helping prospects. He has never gotten a cent of hospitalization, life insurance, pension funding or profit sharing. His first wife left him when he wouldn't give the game up. And for what? He knew 14 years ago he didn't have a chance.

That was 1964, the year Dews made it to Tulsa, Double A, the year Bouton beat the Cards twice in the Series. "I hit .277 and stole 30 bases," he says. "I was the MVP—the team MVP. Joe Morgan was the league MVP. And I played everywhere they needed me, fielded everything. I knew somebody in the majors had seen me, the kind of year I had, and they'd draft me. I knew. And they didn't. Nobody did. I played another five years, but I knew it was all over then. I knew it."

"My grandfather was a lawyer. When I signed, he said, 'Give it five years, and if you don't make it, get out. I'll get you into a good law school, give you my books.' These kids now, they try it three or four years, and if they don't make it, they phase themselves out. A few years ago, when I was managing Modesto for the Cards, I had a kid named Bobby Corcoran. He had signed for a \$1,500 bonus out of Harvard or Yale, one of them. He was with me two weeks, and he called me up and asked if he could meet me at three. When we met, he said, 'Look, I got a problem. This is not for me.' And so he left—went to law school, as a matter of fact. The next day I opened the paper and saw that a reporter had asked the kid why he wanted out. The kid had

continued



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said, "Because I don't want to end up like Bobby Dews."

Somehow, Dews laughed. He is remarried, happily, and after managing eight years in Class A, at last he got promoted a notch this year. When he pitches batting practice he works without a glove, so he can get to the balls more expeditiously, save a few precious seconds, give everybody a few more swings. "It's a small thing," he says. "You pitch hours of extra batting practice, a kid's average goes up, and they say he's a natural. He stays at .250, then I can't coach. All the kids who have gone up that I've had, I've never heard one of them mention my name. Wouldn't you think?"

"Sometimes I think I ought to take stock. There's a lot of things I could do for \$15,000. But you see, I'm obsessed with this game. My God, but I love it. There've been times I've been with a team 15, 20 games out in August, but the minute I get to the park I'm completely in the game. Win, we're 14 out. Right? I come home in November after working in the instructional league, and I'm exhausted. And my friends say, Bobby, will you give it up? We can put you in real estate. We can get you into this or that business. But I'm obsessed. February, I'm back for spring training. I don't know why I love it so, but I do."

One day last month, Bobby Dews, 39, got a call from Atlanta that Jim Bouton, 39, was being assigned to his team. Dews would have to cut a player and bump the last starter to the bullpen so that Bouton could work an rotation. The funny thing is that Dews, who has given up his whole damn life for the love of baseball, could not understand how Bouton could give up 50-grand TV work to come back to his love. Mostly Dews was concerned for Al Pratt, who was sent to the bullpen, "Al's a prospect," Dews says. "He was 11-8 for me at Greenwood last year." But then, love is blind.

THE COMEBACK

Bouton's full-time comeback began last spring in Veeck's White Sox system. It was not immediately auspicious: 0-6 at Knoxville, Double A, released; 1-4 at Durango, Mexico, Triple A, released; at last, 5-1 at Portland in the depths of Class A. But Bouton contends that it takes years to perfect the knuckler. Nickro and Wilhelm put all their effort into it, because they never woke up with an arm one morning and were diverted to fastball orthodoxy. Bouton would need more time. He cashed in his children's college savings, sold his house and his lakeside vacation home and worked out all winter in a college gym—at midnight, so he could be alone. With Turner as his angel—Turner, like everybody else in this saga, happens to be 39—Bouton eventually ended up pitching batting practice for meal money at Atlanta's Triple A farm in Richmond.

Then the Braves came to town for an exhibition, and Turner had two ideas: he would umpire third and Bouton would pitch. The park was packed with 13,000 witnesses, including Bobby Bouton, who drove down from Jersey with Michael, 14, and David, 13. (Laure, 12, had a gymnastics meet.) Bouton trotted out his stomach to do the pitching. As he recalls:

"It was my greatest day in a baseball uniform. I never

had more pressure, because if I didn't come through, I was gone. You lose in a World Series, you'll still be a starter next spring. I hadn't pitched in competition for a month, and nobody would let me throw my knuckler in batting practice. And I walked out on that mound cold, and I stuck it to the Atlanta Braves before 13,000 people. They got one run off me in six innings, and I struck out seven of them.

"And those kid pitchers who had thought I was some kind of pathetic old man, when they saw me control that game from the first, I know that everyone of them would have liked to have been able to do what I did with my stomach." He sighed. "That night I was magic. I've had other great moments, but that night I felt I was omnipotent, and once you've done that you've got to think that you can be magic again."

His two sons watched, enthralled and disbelieving. If nothing else, it eased the pain of having to give up their pool so their old man could follow his dream. Past a certain age, comebacks are group efforts.

"Look," Bouton snaps rather testily, well prepared for this defense, "it's not like I sold a \$20,000 house and put my family in a shack. We went from a \$125,000 house to a \$75,000 house, and as I keep telling the kids, there's still food in the refrigerator. [As a flanking action, Bouton follows this with a long outtake on the tyranny of the American banking community, which refused to spring for his advanced knuckleball education.] Anyway, I can spend my own money the way I want to."

Bouton also advances the proposition that the relative deprivation and the unsettling experience that have been forced on his children are for their own good. "Ideally," he says, "if you could program this kind of controlled crisis into a kid's life, you would, I think it is going to be better for them that they have seen their old man struggling."

While all this may sound calculated—pure rationalization—in Bouton's case it is consistent with the rest of his life. He is, perhaps, too sure of himself, occasionally smug and the realist, but he is honest in his actions and sincere in conceding that he does act. It is not just that he pusses up sugar, thank you. A fervent McGovern supporter in 1972, he became one of the Senator's delegates to the Democratic convention, though he knew his direct participation in politics would require him to absent himself temporarily from the public air waves. He and Bobby planned a large family, but after they had a boy and girl, Jim got a vasectomy and they adopted David, a Korean orphan. The Boutons reside in Englewood, N.J., a once elegant suburb that has suffered many inner-city problems. The high school is 60% black, and while many liberals have moved or transferred their kids to private schools, the Bouton children not only remain in the public schools, but the parents also go out of their way to celebrate the diversity of their town.

Yet the flip side is that there seems to be something of the flagellant in Bouton. It is as if the fame and easy success he unexpectedly found have left him feeling guilty. It's good to see their old man struggle? Yeah, but it's even better for the old man to struggle. He remembers the month in Durango last summer as an ennobling family experience in

continued

which all of them were forced to cope in an isolated mountain city in a foreign land. Bobby Bouton remembers it differently, recounting with horror the awful night when Laurie ran a frightful fever—it was strep throat—while Jim was away on a road trip. She and the kids were stranded without telephone, without car, without friends and without the ability to speak the language.

So far the Boutons have not even discussed how much longer the provider might go on coming back. The Netherlands is still on hold, and there must be area codes for Italy, for Japan, for Finleyland. For Bouton, the knuckleball is a timeless challenge, an enigma like the cure for the common cold or the itinerary of Leon Spinks.

"All right, I will admit that the person who suffers in all of this is Bobby," Bouton says. "For whatever benefit this may be for the kids, she's the one left alone to take care of them. But I feel a need to be away from my family for a while right now. I need to be by myself at this point in my life. Look, I'm in my mid-life crisis. This is all part of that. It's more than just wanting to pitch. It's wanting to prepare myself for the rest of my life. When *Ball Four* was canceled, I had a lot of good options, but my body told me to play ball again. My body knows more about me than my conscious mind. On the mound, my instincts have often determined for me what pitch I should throw. It was those feelings that told me to pitch again."

THE PROSPECT

His body, sweating, suggested to Bouton's mind that he move his chair out of the midday summer sun. The chair rested by a swimming pool at the Hilton Inn in Orlando, Fla. You see, minor-leaguers stay at the same places as tourists and salesmen and weekend lovers. Bouton has not gone to Coventry. As Bobby Dews says, "It's really not all that hard to take. You can sleep in and read the sports pages." Players only get \$7.50 a day to eat on, which is impossible unless you think French fries are the stuff of life, and the locker rooms are too crowded, but the parks are generally clean and the uniforms fit. Of course, travel is by bus, and everybody in the national media who hears that—buses—swoons and screams. "Get shots of the bus!" But, for goodness sake, it is a nice modern bus with rubber tires and air conditioning, and the Apaches haven't attacked it once all season. There are worse environments than the minor leagues in which to endure mid-life crisis.

Although no one else on the Savannah Braves has seen the dawn of 25, Bouton, in his dotage, fits in as well, if not better, with this crew as he ever did with his teammates in his first incarnation. Then he was viewed as a peculiar fellow because he read books without pictures, made jewelry and roomed with Latin players so he could help them and improve his Spanish. Today's players, those who read *Ball Four* in their formative years, are more apt to accept his individuality. Besides, they discover that Bouton is a likable chap who works hard and demands no favors.

For that matter, just about everybody but the hidebound baseball traditionalists have been rooting for Bouton wherever he has pitched and regardless of how well. Generally

his record has been marred only by slow starts: like most knuckleballers, Bouton gets better as the game goes along. In the wake of the Richmond resuscitation, he opened in Savannah in a blaze of national publicity before an unusually large crowd—an imaginative management let a fan in for free if he brought along a copy of *Ball Four*. Responding to this pressure, Bouton struck out eight and won 5-3. In Orlando in his next start, the inscrutable knuckler failed him at the outset; he fell behind and was yanked in the sixth. Bouton came off running, and the crowd, swelled to double the usual for his appearance, applauded so generously for him, an opponent in a garden-variety defeat, that he doffed his cap and waved it to the good people. Some stood for him, and all of the applause was warm and telling.

At sporting events there are three kinds of ovations. The first is the most common, the spontaneous happy roar for the home team. No. 2 is the studied courtesy cheer reserved for beloved opponents, coaches who field foul grounders, uninvited dogs and umpires who either fall down or retrieve errant paper napkins. The third is a special, generous cheer, filled with rare, warm appreciation.

None of these cheers may be distinguished simply by decibel count, the identifying characteristics are much more subtle. For example, when John Havlicek was moping the NBA in his farewell tour this spring, he received standing ovations—all prolonged and loud—at each stop, but they were strictly No. 2 courtesies. What the hell, he was getting a Cuisinart and a leisure suit at halftime, and a tape deck and a 10-speed bike in Detroit tomorrow night. On the other hand, when Havlicek was playing on the road and he did something singular, driving for a loose ball after sprinting 43 minutes straight, opposing fans often could not help crowning him with No. 3, that cheer of affection, which was not so long and loud—but was so much nicer.

This third type of cheer can be detected by the fact that it swells with no pattern. Instead it grows in choppy bursts. Hollering is out of place, and people pause from clapping to exchange hilly talk with their neighbors: "But that great?" or "Good for him." Stuff like that. Then they clap a little more and pause and smile. It's a tender cheer.

And that is the sort of cheer Bouton has been getting, good nights and not so good. People seem to respond to his obsession, even if they don't necessarily comprehend it. "Hell, if he's a prospect, then I'm a prospect, too" is what Dews said late one night. "He makes me think somebody is going to take me up there." Prospects are not just kids with arms that secrete want or customers with orders that salesmen want. Bouton evokes the thought that a prospect can be anybody who wants to go up, wherever up may be.

"I told him last year, 'The odds are with you because it's never been done before,'" Bobby Bouton says. "And sometimes now it's easy to dream that it will happen." The next time out after she said this, Bouton came back to Knoxville, where he was 0-6 last year, and pitched a 1-0 two-hitter. He had told them that in Knoxville that it would take a while to get the knuckleball to behave. And here it was, falling off the table. Falling off the proverbial table? Now, perhaps, everybody will get a chance in Seattle. **END**

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FINAL WORDS

Sir:

John Pigarek's article on the exciting seventh and final game of the NBA championships in Seattle (*They're First. At Long Last, June 19*) was disappointing and insulting. It is hardly relevant that President Jimmy Carter was kept waiting by the Bulls, while his helicopter idled on the South Lawn ready to whisk him off for a weekend at Camp David. What is relevant is that the Bulls were detained by thousands of Washingtonians who had gathered at the Capital Centre and along the parade route to cheer and welcome them home. This tremendous outpouring of affection, so seldom seen in this city, was a sight to behold.

SHERYL B. EVERED
Silver Spring, Md.

Sir:

Granted, it was the longest basketball season ever. Granted, it ended in the middle of the baseball, soccer, golf and track seasons. Still, 70 pages are a lot to thumb through to find out who won the NBA title. What if you had decided to have a 68-page issue instead of a 160-page one?

DAVID PALLSON
Columba, Md.

Sir:

The fact that the No. 1 sports magazine had somehow found the time and energy to devote one and a half pages to the Bulls' biggest accomplishment ever was truly inspirational, and that lone black and white photograph had us Bulls fans in a state of ecstasy.

DONALD C. JEFFRIES
Annandale, Va.

Sir:

We agree that a horse winning the Triple Crown deserves to be on the cover, but when you choose to write more about Alaskan baseball than a world champion basketball team, something is wrong.

PHIL JOYCE
DARRYL PRICE
New Carrollton, Md.

AM, NANCY!

Sir:

What really burns me up is that Nancy Lopez was given only a two-page article in your June 19 issue (*LAM Smiles While She Tears Up the Tour*) despite all she has done for the LPGA in her rookie season. Affirmed and Alydare ran a tremendous race in the Belmont, and I am proud to have been a witness to that great event, but what does Nancy have to do to get more coverage?

LEE LAMBERTS
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sir:

Nancy Lopez is the best thing ever to happen to women's golf. A standout with talent and personality to match is just what the doctor ordered for the LPGA, as Barry McDermott pointed out. Loper's tremendous play and popularity should benefit the women's tour in two areas: much more national television coverage and increased purses. Right now Lopez and all the rest of the women are playing major league golf for minor league money. Lopez could well be the force to change all this.

BRIAN HEYMAN
Ossining, N.Y.

Sir:

It's early yet, but it's becoming obvious that golf's new ace, Nancy Lopez, is the Sports Woman of the Year.

SHARON L. RAYMOND
Chevy Chase, Md.

NOGAN, PALMER AND NICKLAUS

Sir:

There's never been a story like Dan Jenkins' *There's Never Been an Open Like it* (June 19) on the 1969 U.S. Open. Thanks, Dan. We needed that.

MICHAEL G. HUTSKO
Noewalk, Calif.

TRAFFIC JAM

Sir:

In reference to Dan Jenkins' article *Sonovs Says, Play Faster* (May 29) about Jack Nicklaus' Memorial Tournament, I would like to point out some facts. In one paragraph, Jenkins states that "the rain eliminated parking in the fields." Then in the next paragraph he lists all the inconvenient places in which patrons were made to park. Where did he expect them to park, since the fields were unavailable? Every effort was made to overcome, in an orderly fashion, the inconvenience caused by the rain.

In addition to this, he takes a cheap shot at the "traffic cops" and their efforts to maintain order, with thousands of vehicles duly trying to park close to the clubhouse when no space was available. One thing Jenkins didn't point out, as he should have, was that 210 members of the Fraternal Order of Police volunteered more than 2,500 hours of their personal time at Muirfield on behalf of the Children's Hospital Charity Fund.

If Jenkins has trouble parking next year, I will be happy to tell him where to go!

ROSS RADER
President
Fraternal Order of Police
Capital City Lodge No. 9
Columbus, Ohio

BIG CAT

Sir:

I can attest to Evan (Big Cat) Williams' ability to hit the long ball (*The Whack of the Cat, June 5*). I was on the 5th green of Toronto's St. George's golf course a few weeks ago during the pro-am event preceding the Peter Jackson LPGA Classic. The hole played to 355 yards onto a small elevated green. Just before I attempted my 15-foot birdie putt, following what I thought was a super drive and a wedge, a ball suddenly rolled onto the putting surface, coming to rest pin-high 10 feet from the stick. Looking back to the tee, we could see that Williams, playing in the group behind, was apologetic but definitely pleased with the blast.

Slightly unnerved, I missed my putt.
R. T. PUTNAM
Waterloo, Ontario

FIRST ROUND

Sir:

Congratulations on the splendid coverage of the first round of the World Cup (*Getting a Handle on the Cup, June 19*). As a native Peruvian, I was thrilled by Clive Gammon's description of "our" 3-1 victory over Scotland. However, the opinion that Peru's team was "old, patched together" reflects the lack of interest (and, therefore, knowledge) that most sportswriters show for South American teams, with the exception of Brazil. I think that Peru's advance to the second round, as well as Tunisia's splendid campaign, will teach the old fogies something about *fútbol* in the Third World.

Soccer is the great equalizer in a world divided by political and racial strife. When I read in my newspaper in the smallest print possible and without descriptive commentary that Peru had beaten the Scots, I knew that for a moment my country had been united in happiness, that rich and poor, white and Indian alike had joined in an otherwise elusive, seemingly impossible brotherhood. I am sure Italy's team has done the same for the Italians, whose political plight needs no elaboration. Your article on the Cup, as far as this subscriber is concerned, has pushed the United States a little closer to membership in that mysterious entity known as "the rest of the world." *¡Enhorabuena!*

By the way, there is one thing that is more boring than reading about runners and their obsession (*VIEWPOINT, June 5*). According to my patient friends, it is listening to a rabid fan expound on the marvellous foot of Peru's Teófilo Cubillas.

ROBERT DE LANEY
Rochester, N.Y.

continued

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19TH HDLE continued

END OF THE LINE

Sir

An item in your June 19 SCORECARD says that Phil Lamford, this year's first draft pick of the Cleveland Indians, and, presumably, his brother Carney (California Angels) and cousin Buck Lamford (Los Angeles Rams)—not to mention cousin Tex Rumer (country & western star)—are directly descended from Sir Francis Drake. My great-aunt, the family genealogist, told me I was too, and I continued to believe it until I visited Drake's home in England.

Sir Francis never had any children. When he died, his possessions went to his youngest and only surviving brother, Thomas.

CHARLES CRAIG THOMAS
Camden, N.J.

MINNESOTA HITTERS

Sir

While Rod Carew is being walked for his prowess with the bat, his teammates are being run down with the pen (*A Cardwain in Cuts*, June 19). Your reference to the rest of the Twins' lineup as a "forest of green or dead wood" is quite inapplicable. The Twins have a history of fine hitters, and this year is no exception. The Twins currently rank fourth in the AL in batting, with two .300 hitters.

Furthermore, they consistently finish in the top five in batting average year in and year out. As a follower of the Twins for 13 years, I know that what they lack is pitching, not mature trees.

DAVID BRADSHAW
Louisville

UNDER THE ALASKAN SUN

Sir

As an ex-Alaskan, I was very pleased to read Richard W. Johnson's article on baseball in Alaska (*Having a Ball at Midnight*, June 19). In Texas it is very difficult to come across anything pertaining to Alaska, much less baseball there. It is even harder trying to convince my friends that one can still hear the crack of the bat past midnight—without the use of lights.

I feel fortunate that I was in Alaska when Red Boucher was in his last season as manager of Fairbanks' Goldpanners. I was also fortunate enough to have watched Chris Chambliss (now with the Yankees) playing for the Anchorage Glacier Pilots when they won the National Baseball Congress title in 1969. The biggest thrill of all, however, was when I played with the 1969 and 1970 Elmerdort AFB Babe Ruth All-Stars in the Glacier Pilots' park in Anchorage and in the Goldpanners' park in Fairbanks.

RUSSEY CAREY
San Antonio

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